

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



JULY, 1939

St Louis in July



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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

My Brothers:

I have just returned from visitations in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Iowa and Indiana. I am filled with pride and joy because of the inspiring and constructive work which I have witnessed. The Order is definitely on the march to greater accomplishments and prestige.

The annual report, required by Grand Lodge Law, of the stewardship of the Grand Exalted Ruler is now in the process of preparation and will be presented to each delegate when he registers at the St. Louis Convention. I hope that all of you will have opportunity to read and study the report and its recommendations.

We have made definite strides forward during the past months due to the wholehearted cooperation of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, State Association Presidents and subordinate lodge officers. Lodges have made excellent gains in assets. Delinquency is at the lowest level attained in recent years. Five thousand, seven hundred and eighty men awaited initiation on April 1st, 1939, and it is estimated that ten thousand will be initiated in the period from April 1st to July 1st, 1939. Thirty-four thousand, two hundred and ninety-four new Brothers were initiated during the year April 1st, 1938 to April 1st, 1939. Much good work has been done in reinstatement endeavors. State Associations and subordinate lodges are very active in "Civic Projects"

and in Americanism and Americanization work. There is great solidarity and fraternal spirit. Interest in the work of the Order is definitely on the increase.

Therefore, in this, my final message to you in *The Elks Magazine*, I express a million thanks for the fine cooperation that has been evident to me during my term of office. The gains are yours, My Brothers!

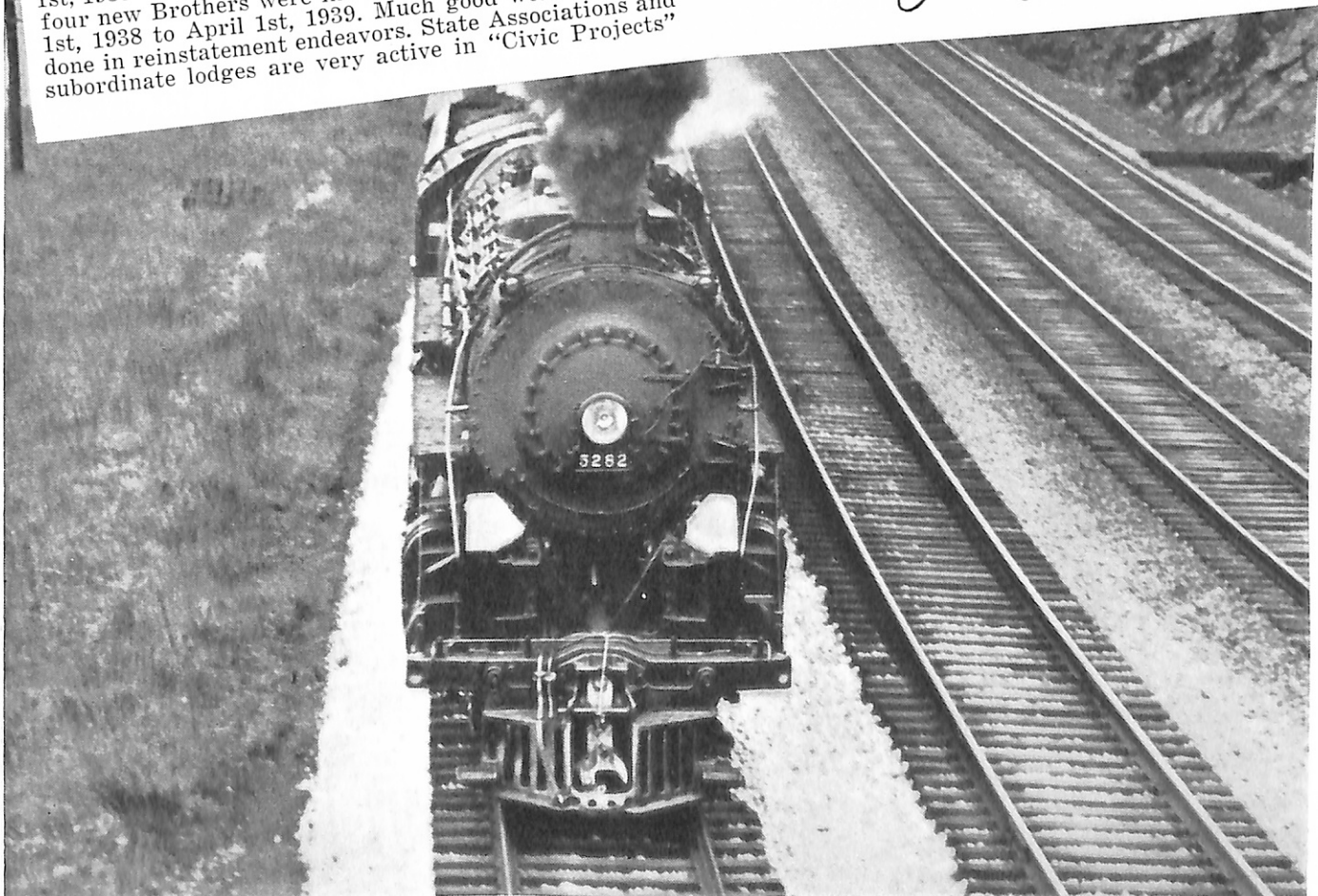
It has been a privilege to serve you as Grand Exalted Ruler. I hope to be of service to the Order in the future—it is part of me. I love its ideals, its fundamentals, its patriotism and its fellowship! And so, Cheerio, my good friends and Brothers, but not Farewell!

I look forward to the greatest Convention of the Order in many years at St. Louis. The excellent Committee of St. Louis Brothers has complied with my every request. The St. Louis Elks have promised me that this is to be a Convention dedicated to the average Elk and his wife and family.

May I have the privilege of greeting you in St. Louis?

Sincerely and fraternally,

Edward J. McCormick.
Grand Exalted Ruler.



JULY 1939

Contents

Cover Design by Harold Werneke

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	1
Inside Track.....	4
Howard Nostrand	
What America Is Reading	8
Harry Hansen	
Polo, Ponies and Pelf.....	9
Stanley Frank	
Manhattan Go-Round.....	10
Kent Richards	
The Liner.....	14
Putnam Fennell Jones	
Editorials.....	16
Under the Antlers.....	18
News of the State Associations.....	32
St. Louis in July!.....	34
Vacation Travel Contest.....	36
Rod and Gun	52
Joe Godfrey, Jr.	
Your Dog	55
Captain Will Judy	



THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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Note to Lodges: If you are not listed above—advise the Elks Magazine and your lodge name will be added in the next issue.

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and plenty of time
*best vacation for
man and pipe*



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fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

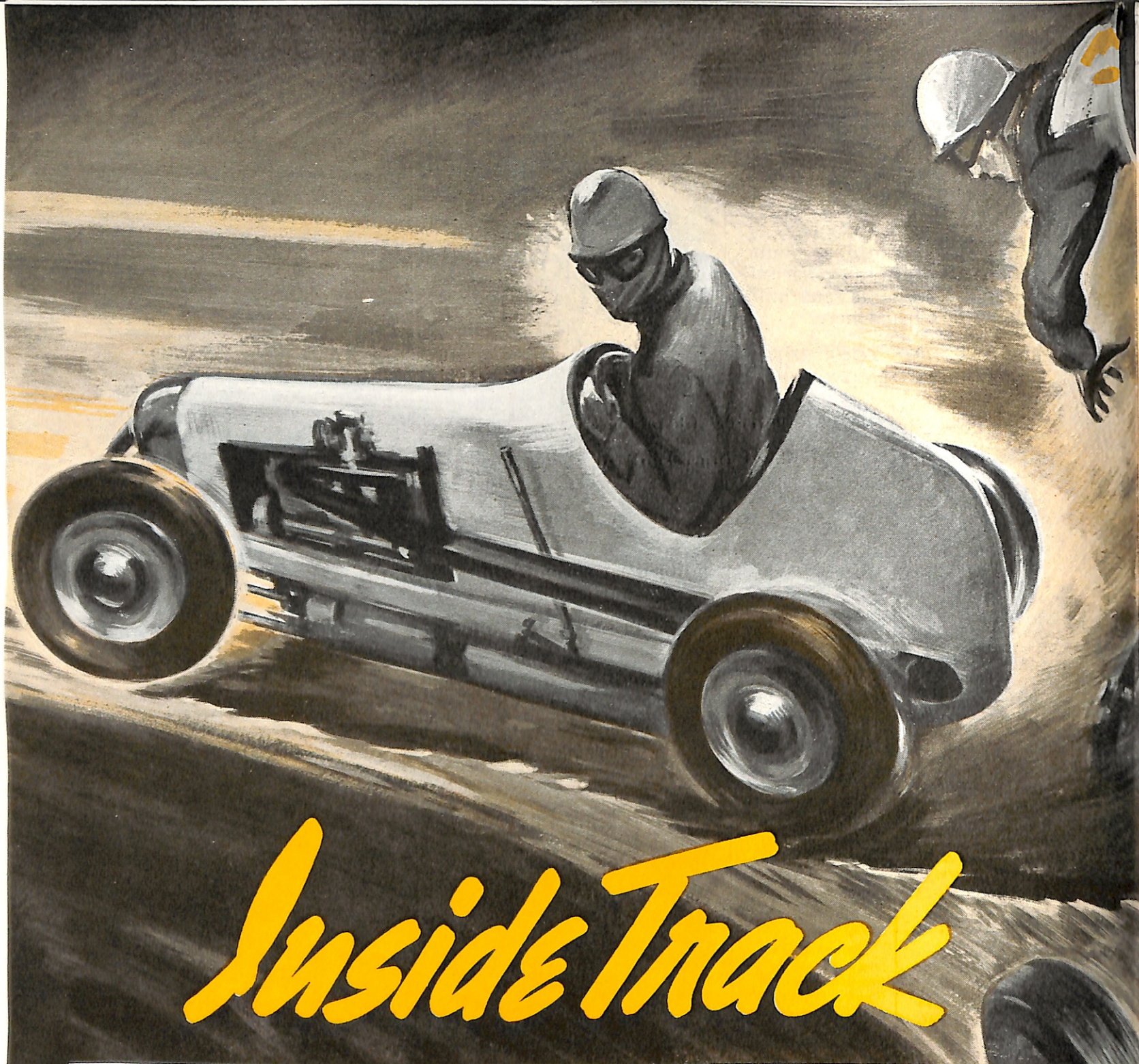
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of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Better
smoking
tobacco

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette

Better tobacco
for both

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Outlaw midgets blast past the starter in the weirdest battle in history, when the Gray Ghost raced against himself!

by Howard Nostrand

PICK up almost any magazine these days and you will find a picture of Bill Barker sitting in a gray midget automobile. "Gray Ghost" Barker, the advertisement calls him. And although it doesn't come right out with it, you get the idea that Barker wins races because he keeps his teeth clean.

If so, he must have picked up the habit recently.

But in those days he didn't win any races, either. He worked for Art Crane who was—and this is something that only a few people knew—the original Gray Ghost.

Let us drift back along the dim corridors of time. Back into the murky past when midget automobiles first rolled into the world of men and made the headlines. Back about three years.

The time is eight o'clock of a Sunday morning in August. The place is the trotting track on the old fair grounds near Bridgetown, Connecticut. Bill Barker is sitting in a battered red racer. His face is dusty, except his upper lip, which is clean because he has been wiping the blood from his nose.

Art Crane is glaring down at Bill. He says, "Sure, there's holes in the track. The idea is, you steer around them."

Bill sighs. "I don't want to be a race driver," he says. "I—" He blinks, and a tear leaks out of the corner of his eye. "I can't stand speed, Art. I get paralyzed."

Art watches the tear erode a path down Bill's cheek. He says, "Well, okay. I guess it's the truth. You can't drive a midget if you are a powder-puff."

Bill climbs out. He is smiling like a condemned man that has got news of a reprieve. "Wire New York," he



The other car is upside down, the driver twisted sideways, staring at the grim masked figure below.

says, "One of the boys down there will be glad to drive on percentage."

Art shakes his head. "The good ones," he says, "are members of the Association. They can't race here at Bridgetown. This is an outlaw track."

The "outlaw" track is one of the results of the growing popularity of midget racing. Tracks have been opened in every likely spot along the Atlantic Coast. Those that do not come up to the standard set by the Automobile Racing Association are not recognized, and no registered driver is allowed to compete on them.

Art goes on, "It seems pretty wasteful to pass up a chance at a six-hundred-dollar purse."

"It's a lot of money," Bill agrees.

Art is studying the midget. "My other car is red, too," he says thoughtfully. "So is my crash helmet and my driving shirt." He clutches Bill's arm. "'Red Crane'—you heard the announcer at Fall Haven call me that. Come on, let's load this thing on the trailer and get it down to the shop."

Bill's face retains its usual blank expression. He says, "What's the rush?"

Art grabs the steering wheel with one hand, gets a grip on the frame with the other. The midget begins to roll. "Come on," he says. "Before race time tonight this baby is going to be some other color. Gray, maybe. We'll wear masks. Call ourselves 'The Gray Wolves', or something."

"Gray isn't much of a color," says Bill, hanging back. "And anyhow, you said I wouldn't have to drive."

Art chuckles. "No, Bill," he says. "Gray isn't much of a color. Not when you put it alongside of red. That's the beauty of it. Nobody is going to confuse Red Crane of the Racing Association with a guy who calls himself the Gray Wolf and drives on outlaw tracks."

Bill says, "You mean—" and pauses. Thought wrinkles his forehead. "You mean you are going to drive?"

"That," says Art, "is the idea in a nut-shell. You will register with the steward; he will have to know your identity because of the books. But he will let you be masked and mysterious on the outside. Talk it up to him if he balks. Tell him it is good showmanship. The thing is, I also will wear a mask, and I will do the driving."

THAT night the rickety grandstand is crowded. Mostly hard-boiled factory hands from the Kasper-Hall Lock works in Bridgetown. The midgets are local-built, local-owned and local driven—youngsters from the Works with an itch for speed. The whole thing is a family affair, so to speak.

And then Art and Bill roll into the pit enclosure like men from Mars. Two grim figures in gray coveralls. Gray masks over their faces. Glistening gray paint on Bill's old Caddy which he has been saving in the hopes of starting a towing service some day. And the racer behind on the trailer is the same shade.

Well, the boys have no trouble. They are similar in build. Medium height, stocky. It would take a fingerprint expert to tell them apart.

And since the procedure they work out for that night is the one they subsequently use, it is worth mentioning. When Art is on the track, Bill stays in the Caddy. Art rolls into the pit after a race, pulls up alongside the big car. Before anybody has a chance to talk to him, he hops in, slams the door—picture of the great driver in secret communion with his grease monkey. In a little while, Bill, ostensibly the driver, climbs out and saunters away for a bottle of pop, while Art, equally ostensible as the mechanic, steps down and works over the midget.

Not that it needs much working over. It is a Dekker Special, a custom-built job. It isn't quite so fast as his other one, but it is plenty hot enough to walk away from the home-made rattletraps at Bridgetown.

He gives a good show in the trial heat. Instead of jumping ahead at the drop of the flag, he keeps down his speed, trailing in fifth place until the race is half over.

Slowly then, he moves up. Fourth place, third place. He passes the second man on the last lap, tails the leader to the home stretch, and guns to a photo finish, first by inches.

The final is different. One of the local lads has a little job that is fairly hot. He handles it well and is enough of a driver to hug the rail on the turns. Art tries to pass him on the outside—this is on the fourteenth lap and there is only one more. But the track is rutty and the gray Dekker almost crashes.

So Art forgets where he is and goes lead-footed after the yokel. He cuts it off at the south turn. The local kid is scared into swinging wide. His front wheels catch in a rut, and he loops.

And right then Lady Luck rolls a seven. There is a staff photographer from the *Bridgetown Chronicle* waiting at that turn for a shot of the finish. He is no track regular. Just a run-of-the-mill individual on assignment. The chances are a thousand to one against his getting any kind of a picture. Except the usual smudge that you see on the sports page. It is generally labeled, "Crash at the Fair grounds", so that you will know it is not a picture of a round-the-world flyer taking off.

But this night the camera clicks. Maybe you have seen the shot. It is a simple picture. Two cars. One is moving fast—the wheels are out of shape the way they are in speed photography. The other car is upside down in the air, the driver twisted sideways, staring slack-jawed at the grim, masked figure below him.

The Bridgetown paper used it on the front page next morning. It was captioned, "Gray Ghost Wins Track Classic". Then the A. P. got hold of it and shipped it all over the United States. Later a picture magazine awarded it a prize, best news photo of the month, labeled it simply, "The Gray Ghost". And *Camera Year Book* kept the same label when they gave it honorable place among the nudes, bridges, cotton-pickers, onion segments and other artistic abstractions.

But all this is in the future, so far as Bill and Art are concerned.

AFTER the race, Bill learns from the steward that the local lad who looped sprained his wrist. Nothing more. The car—well, they build them and they wreck them, and then they build them again.

Bill collects the prize money. Turns over the sixty crisp, new tens to Art. And Art, generous with the easy wealth, thumbs off twenty of the tens and stuffs them into Bill's breast pocket. "Let's go, sonny boy," he says, and sighs contentedly as Bill steers the Caddy into the warm August night.

Bill is driving with one hand. His other is in his pocket, fingering the money. He says after a while, "Art, I'm squeamish about this—about tonight, I mean."

"Squeamish?" says Art. He grins and his teeth glisten as the light from the dash hits them. "You're always that way," he says. "Maybe you've got stomach ulcers."

The next night Art wins the feature at Fall Haven as himself, Red Crane. He and Bill lay over for the Thursday night race; there is nothing scheduled anywhere on the circuit.

Tuesday afternoon they are sitting in their hotel room, Bill glooming out at the Boston-bound traffic on Route 1; Art reading the sports page. The Gray Ghost picture is smeared all over the upper half, but Art is not concerned with it. He is concentrating on the column in the lower left-hand corner, an account of his victory of the previous night, plus the suggestion that Red Crane is too good for the midgets; that some of the local sporting gentlemen might do well to buy him a big racer and turn him loose at Indianapolis the following Spring.

The phone rings. Bill looks at Art, who nods without taking his eyes off the paper.

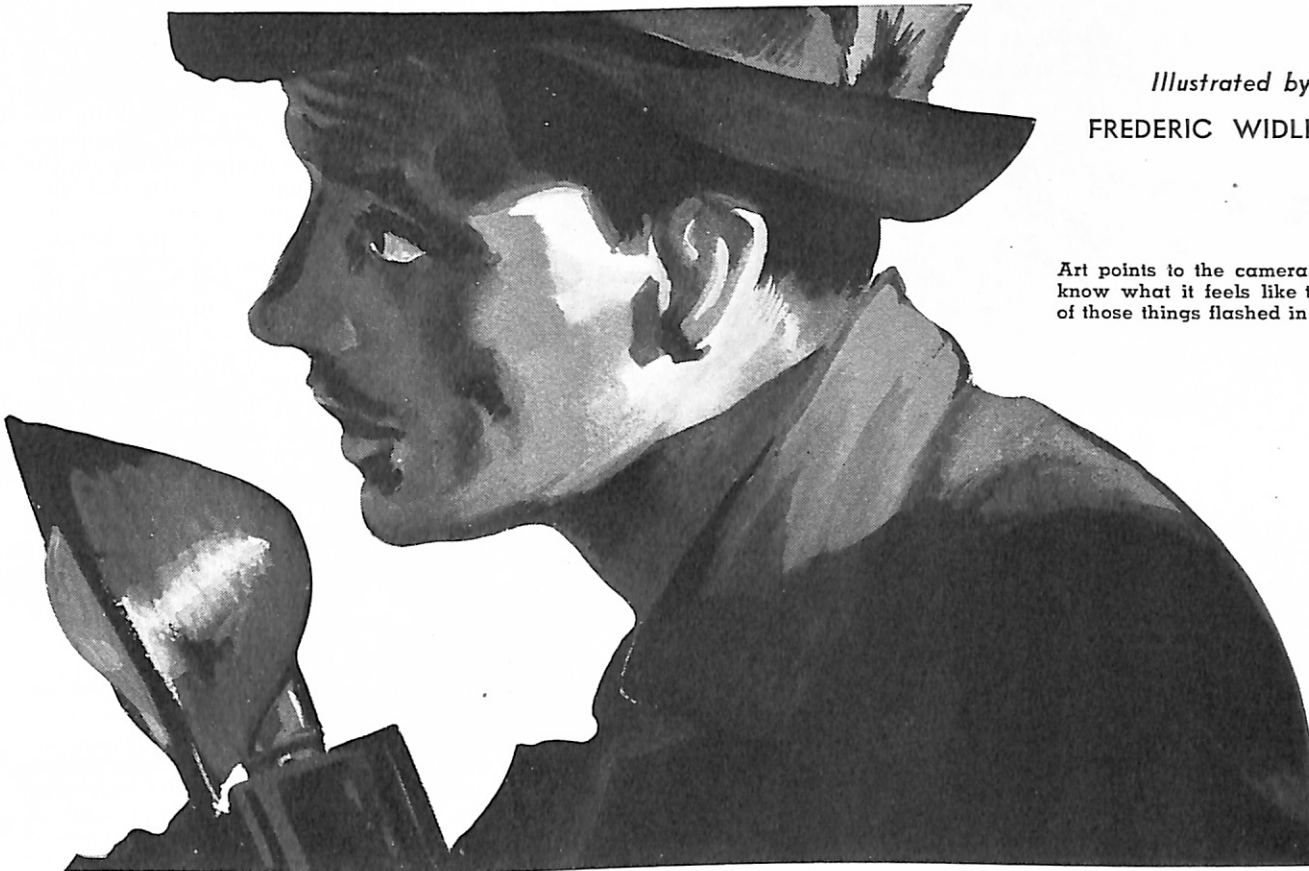
So Bill lifts the receiver. "Who?" he says. "Oh, yes." He turns, frowns at Art. "It's for me. Long distance. I don't know anybody who—"

The telephone squawks. After a moment Bill says, "Wait." Puts his hand over the mouthpiece. "Art," he whispers hoarsely. "It's a race promoter down on



Illustrated by
FREDERIC WIDLICKA

Art points to the camera. "Want to know what it feels like to have one of those things flashed in your face?"



Long Island. He was at Bridgetown Sunday and he got my name from the steward. He wants to know if I'm the Gray Ghost. What'll I tell him?"

"I'll talk to him," says Art, grabbing the phone. "Gray Ghost speaking," he says. A pause. Then, "Well . . ." He winks at Bill. "Well, it's a long trip." Again he listens. Nods a couple of times. Says finally, "In that case, I guess I can manage. See you later." He hangs up, grinning. "Come on, Bill," he says. "The Depression is over. We are appearing tonight at the Long Island Stadium. The Gray Ghost rides again."

"Another outlaw track," says Bill. "I don't think—" Art cuts in, "I'll take care of the thinking. We get one hundred and fifty dollars for putting in an appearance." He grabs Bill, tries to shake some enthusiasm into him. "One hundred and fifty smackers, sonny boy! For letting them see us. And the chance at another six hundred-dollar outlaw purse."

"That promoter sounded as if he wanted the Gray Ghost awful bad," Bill says. "What's so hot about it, Art?"

Art sobers a bit. "The outfit, I guess. Masks and all. Why did the public fall for a masked tenor on the radio? They couldn't see him anyway." He shrugs. "Forget it. We've got a ride ahead of us."

So they go to Long Island. And because the Dekker Special is good and Art's driving is better, they pocket another purse.

The news photographers are there in droves. Flash-lights flare at the Caddy. At Art hunched over the wheel of the midget. At Bill drinking soda pop and clumsy about it on account of the gray cloth that hangs down over his mouth.

Photographs and more photographs. Like hitting the jackpot. The first man collects and a hundred others try their luck.

A lot of Gray Ghost pictures go into circulation.

And the masquerade goes on. Friday in South Jersey at the Dobbs River track. A return engagement in Bridgetown the following Sunday. Long Island again.

The money rolls in. Art orders a new racer and a truck to carry it. A red speed truck with a special body for easy unloading of the midget.

Finally Bill receives a letter from the Association. "Your superior driving," it reads, "entitles you to membership. We urge you to join, for the good of midget racing and for your own best interests."

Art snorts. "Best interests! The Gray Ghost is a drawing-card. The Association is after the shekels."

"But the boys on the circuit have been asking me, too," Bill says. "And they want to know who my mechanic is."

Art frowns. "When did this start?"

"I don't know," Bill says. "Right along, I guess."

"Well," says Art, coming to a decision. "It looks like the Gray Ghost is finished. Somebody was bound to smell a rat sooner or later. Anyhow, I wasn't caught on an outlaw track."

"Art," says Bill hesitatingly. He is evolving a thought, and this is not a thing that Bill finds easy. "You—well, if you quit the Association you could go on being the Gray Ghost."

"Nuts!" says Bill. "A nine-day wonder. The newspapers keep printing pictures. When the Gray Ghost quits racing there will be no more pictures. And a month from now nobody will remember anything about him. I aim to be a big shot in the racing game and I have to keep in with the Association. This Gray Ghost stunt was all right while it lasted, but it is time to quit. The wise boy leaves the game when the chips are on his side of the table."

"When you hold all the chips," Bill says, "they don't let you quit."

And Bill, muddled thinker that he is, is prophetic.

At Fall Haven that night, Art, racing legitimately, piles up with two Western lads because a news photographer takes a flash of them diving into the south turn three abreast. Four flash bulbs going off at one time give a lot of light. All three drivers are blinded momentarily. So they pile up.

Art is shaken some, his left arm gashed. Also his red car loses a wheel and is out for the night. This probably is what gets him sore. Or maybe it is the perpetual annoyance of the flash bulbs. They are not new to him, but since the start of the Gray Ghost masquerade he has been getting more than (Continued on page 38)

WHAT AMERICA IS Reading

by Harry Hansen

Men's Clothes Are Terrible

WHY do men wear drab suits the year around, insist on vests in hot weather, refuse to take off their stiff collars and make themselves look colorless in a crowd? Elizabeth Hawes, New York dress designer, thinks wives are at the root of it, but she also blames the conservatism of merchant tailors and the inelasticity of store policies. In "Men Can Take It" she argues that men's suits cost too much. Women get most of the money for clothes, and most of the clothes, but a woman can buy many dresses, whereas the husband has to pay fancy prices and so can afford but a few suits. "If something can be done to lower the price of men's suits, there is every

reason to believe more suits will be sold," writes Miss Hawes. She wants to see men's clothes cost the same as women's, that is from \$5 up—hoorah! But her remedy is a little difficult. She wants to see men wear more slacks in the summer, to discard collars and ties that have no real reason for existence. Then her imagination takes wing and she begins to think she is designing women's attire for men. Why not a yoke down the side of men's trousers, of a different material from the rest? Why not little fancy skirts, or aprons, such as the Greek army wears? Why keep creasing the trousers just to look slim—the crease "is a piece of nonsense in any case and costs the gentlemen of the United States thousands of dollars annually to keep in their pants." Well, I can't say that I follow La Hawes all the way. It is true that men are highly conventional in their clothing, that they follow the tailor's command, and that they shy away from brilliant colors. Of late they have loosened up a bit, looking more like Palm Beach playboys, but no man is going to become so conscious of his attire that he will preen himself

before other males as women do before other women. No, indeed; let's have lower prices, and lighter materials, and possibly even more color, but don't let us begin thinking too much about what we wear. It appears certain that the dinner coat is on the way out, and possibly tails will go a bit later, but not because they are dark and colorless—simply because everybody is wearing them, from gangsters to tycoons, and when gangsters attend funerals of their unfortunate colleagues in "tuxedos", there's an end. However, Elizabeth Hawes had a lot of fun making her suggestions and some of them may stick. (Random House, \$2)

Arguments for More Air-planes

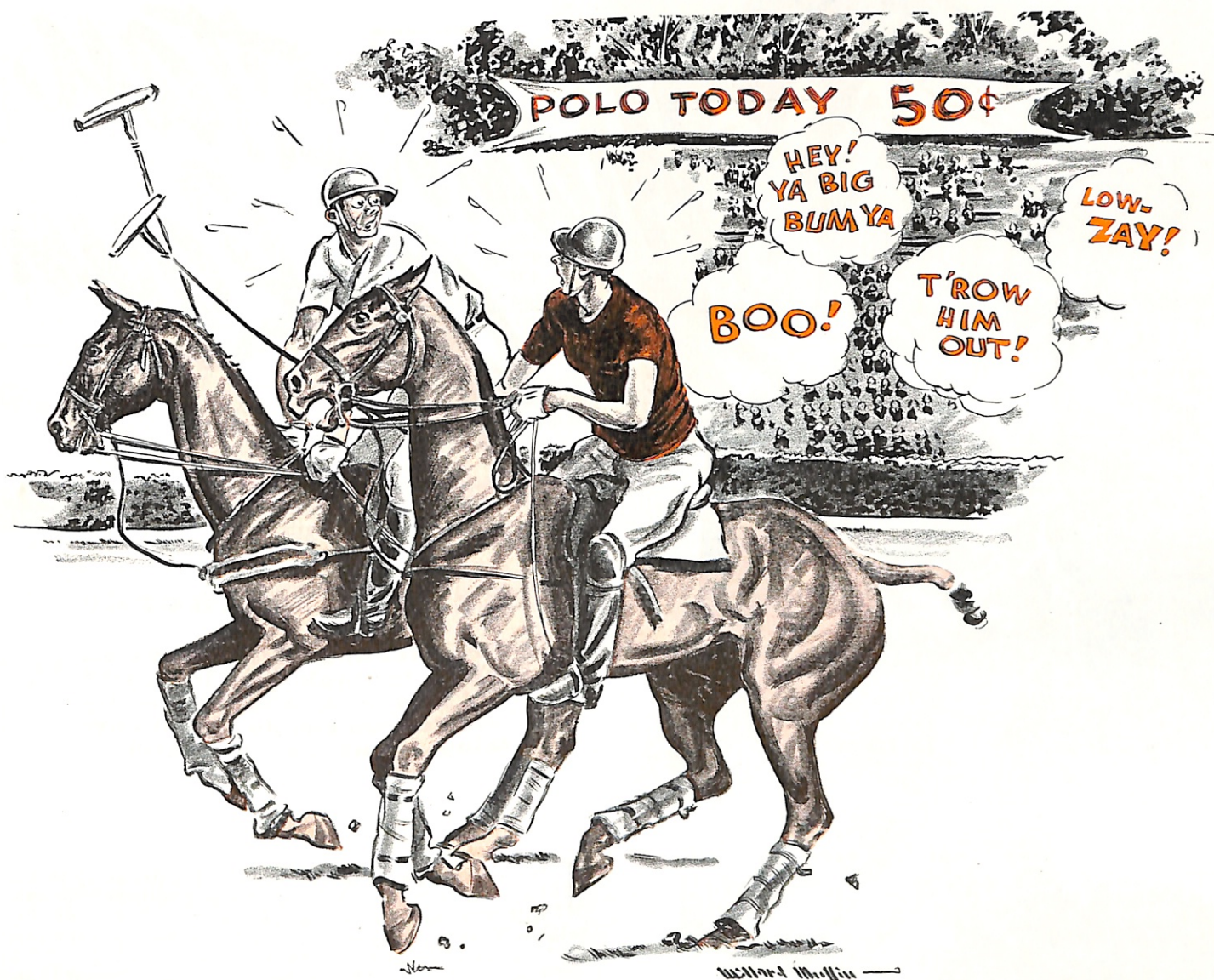
War scares come and go, but the question of defensive measures for the United States remains. Major George Fielding Eliot, who wrote "The Ramparts We Watch" a few months ago and started everybody talking about the big navy, supplements his warnings with a new argument, "Bombs Bursting in Air", in which he wants an adequate air defense as an accessory to sea power, since he sees air-planes as necessary to help the navy hold command of the sea. He also criticizes the present objectives of the Army Air Corps by saying that the provision for long-range bombers, four-motored planes capable of great distances, is completely inadequate. Although he does not expect a foreign country to establish bases for planes near our shores until our navy is crushed, he believes that any attempts to establish such bases can best be stopped immediately by the heavy bombers, and that no medium-range bombers will fill the need. The description of Germany's great advantage in the air and its ability to use air-planes for the purposes of "international blackmail" is realistic and he sees the British empire and France face a difficult (Continued on page 44)



Mary Borden, whose new book, *PASSPORT FOR A GIRL*, is published by Harper & Brothers.

A photograph of John Gunther by his wife, on their recent trip to the Orient where Mr. Gunther collected material for his new book, *INSIDE ASIA*.





Polo, Ponies and Pelf

by Stanley Frank

The rich get richer and the poor get poorer, and as long as this is true, polo will be played—but not by the poor.

PERHAPS you've heard the story of the man who was enjoying his dinner in a restaurant when a boy burst into the place and yelled, "Hey, Mr. Jones. Your house is on fire!"

The diner grabbed his hat, tore out of the restaurant and rushed down the street. Suddenly he stopped.

"What's all the excitement about?" he asked himself. "My name isn't Jones. I don't even own a house."

By the same token, what's all this rumpus about the democratization of polo, most aristocratic of all sports? It doesn't affect you or your loved one, and even your best friends won't tell you life is sweeter and more complete because the very patrician brass hats of polo have made feeble gestures toward whipping up mass interest in a class game.

The public in recent years has been privileged to watch championship polo at Meadow Brook, the Taj Mahal on Long Island, for fifty cents. Once upon a time the cus-

tomers needed a letter of introduction from the editor of the Social Register—as well as a loose ten-dollar note—to get into the joint. Cecil Smith, a simple son of the soil, a man of the common people, played on the American team which engaged the British in the international matches at Westbury, L. I., last month. It doesn't mean a thing, though. Polo is, and always will be, strictly a society sport to be played only by the feelthy rich.

It's got to be that way as long as ponies—which are estimated to be the basis of sixty percent of the player's skill—cost from \$700 to \$1200. These prices are for mediocre mounts; the ponies with the necessary breeding and training for top-flight play run anywhere from \$3,000 to \$10,000. For one pony, you understand. And eight of them are required for championship matches since a pony cannot go at top speed for more than one period. That's right; there are eight periods to a game. All right; cut the game in half and ride the horses until their tongues are sunburned. You still need two mounts. And don't forget our four-footed friends eat like horses and must be maintained and transported.

The original purchase price of the horse is not the last or least item of expense. Equipment for horse and rider runs into important money; the mere maintenance of eight ponies amounts to about three times as much a year as the total cost of (Continued on page 42)



Manhattan Go-Round

by Kent Richards

Mr. Richards discourses on what to look for in Little Old New York, where in twenty minutes you can do almost anything — and live to regret it.

Illustrated by JOHN J. FLOHERTY, Jr.

THE expatriate New Yorker held his drink up to the light so he could study it. "The question," he said with judicial thoughtfulness, "is not, 'Are you going to New York?'—everybody is—but, 'What are you going to do after you get there?'"

"The . . . the Fair," his home-town companion hazarded timorously.

"Fair? What Fair?" thundered the New Yorker. "You mean that thing of Grover Whalen's 'way out in Flushing? Listen, there is a bigger Fair than that going on every day in little old Manhattan. You can see a Fair any time, but you only get to see New York once. Here's how . . ." And with that, the expatriate New Yorker took the top off his drink, scrootched down further in his chair and proceeded to explain things.

This summer while the World's Fair is on, he began, every man, woman and child in the country with enough oil to make the roller skates hum is now, or is going to be in Manhattan clamoring to see a trylon and perisphere. That part is easy. What is more difficult is to see Manhattan itself and get the most out of it.

Under normal circumstances that would be simple, too. All that it is usually necessary to do after arriving is to call up Aunt Mabel's cousin Ed. After spending some little time convincing him that you really were his boyhood, bosom friend—or anyhow that you went to the same grammar school—demand to be entertained. This may entail mild strategy; for example, some skeptical remark about the stories you have heard back in Kankakee about Ed's capacity as a roundsman. Ed's had this pulled on him before and he knows it's bait, but he rises just the same. A New Yorker's reputation in his home town is the most important thing in the world to him. He will preserve it at any cost.

But it won't be that way this summer. You can call up Ed but either his phone won't answer or the operator

Having fun in New York depends on what you call fun. To the native it means night clubs.

will inform you mechanically, with just the slightest hint that Ed couldn't pay his bill, that the phone has been temporarily disconnected. For Ed won't be in Manhattan. He won't be in Flushing Meadows, either. He'll be in San Francisco, gaping at the exhibits on Treasure Island, firmly convinced that nothing taking place on Long Island could ever be as magnificent.

So the country cousin will be entirely on his own in the Maelstrom Mecca and he might just as well prepare now to make the most of it. A little advance thought may save many of those wasteful interludes spent on street corners nervously muttering, "What'll I do next? I've got twenty minutes to spare, what'll I do next?" In twenty minutes in New York you can do almost anything—and live to regret it.

Your first precaution, of course, will be to avoid the other tourists. Nothing is worse, when visiting strange climes, than to be constantly running into mobs of other Americans who blatantly advertise themselves as such by doing a lot of raucous drinking and generally by showing that they lack the *savoir faire* which makes possible rich, cultural enjoyment of other lands. New Yorkers are a simple, almost primitive folk, wary of strangers, but not unfriendly if properly approached, and certainly worthy of close study and cultivation. You will want to mingle with them and get to know them. Possibly you can bring back home some knowledge of their customs and habits to be explained in a talk before the local luncheon club.

Or, putting it another way, if you can drag yourself back to the home town in one piece after a week or two of friendly mingling in Manhattan, you will have plenty to tell, all right, but it will be told in the smoking room and not in open meeting.

WHETHER you have twenty minutes or twenty hours or twenty days in Manhattan there are always three possibilities. One is to eat; another is to be educated, and the third is to have fun. Two of these are practiced by the natives—the other is avoided like a plague.

On the whole, eating is the most important. Whether you are in Oklahoma City or Grover Whalen's little suburb, the appetite goes on just the same. In Manhattan you can really do something about it. New York has the finest food, the best and most diversified cooking and the widest range of restaurants of any metropolis between Minneapolis and Mars.

But before your taste buds open into full bloom, forced by a few choice, medium-rare adjectives regarding New York food, maybe you'd better find out where you are on this little Island. With no Ed to haul you around, you might get lost.

Don't get up. You don't need a map. You can do it right here with this magazine. Take one full column of type (if this page is in Braille, you'll find a full-type column among the back pages). That type column is Manhattan Island. Now draw an imaginary line down the center from almost the top to almost the bottom. (If you haven't any imagination use a pencil.) That's Fifth Avenue. Now draw a line across the middle of the column. That's Fifty-ninth Street and it runs toward the bridge (on the right) that leads to Flushing Meadows and the World's Fair. Most of the things you do in Manhattan will be concentrated within a radius of twenty blocks of your intersecting lines at the middle of the column—Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. But now that you've got the whole Island in your lap you might just as well look at the rest of it.

The point nearest your belt buckle is the lower end of the Island. The Aquarium, Wall Street, the lower harbor and the Statue of Liberty cluster around that section. That's south. The right side of Fifth Avenue is the East Side. All addresses which are east something or other are over there. It's also known locally as the Swank Side. But don't let that influence you too much; the West Side has Broadway, all the theatres

The true New Yorker never goes any place where he might conceivably be educated.



and most of the night clubs that you'll get into. They are clustered in a little spot about an inch southwest of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth. Also in that general area is Rockefeller Center (née Radio City); famed, and largely gyp, 52nd Street, and a dozen or more of the best French and Italian restaurants in New York.

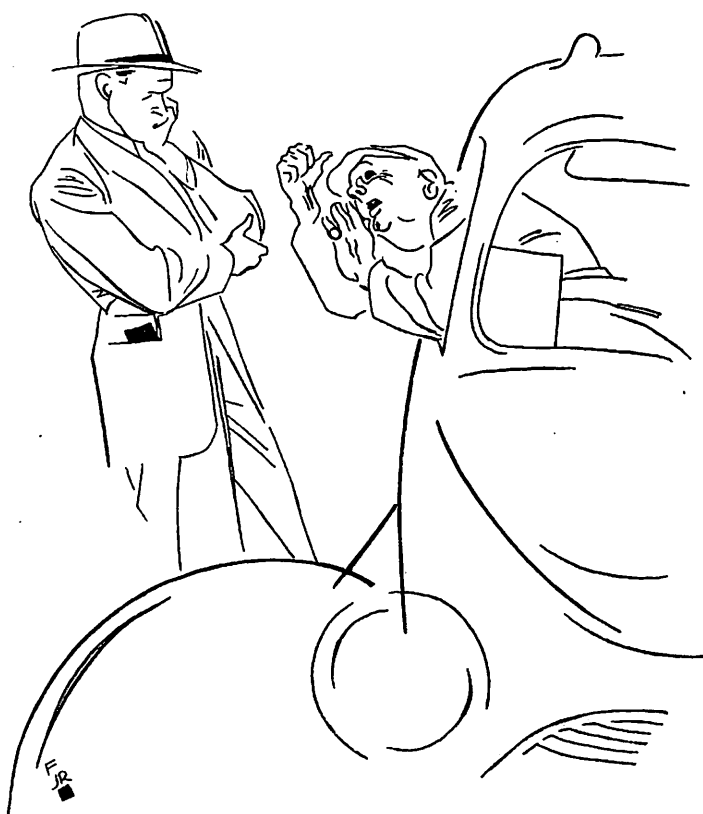
North of Fifty-ninth Street there isn't much fun but there is a whole slue of education. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Natural History, which to your surprise will thrill the pants right off you, the Hayden Planetarium, and, 'way uptown, Columbia University and Grant's Tomb.

Now back to the lunch wagon. The business of eating in New York is pretty serious. It's almost a ritual. Conscientious eaters from out of town with aspirations as gourmets are in for a field day. If they have proper qualifications for the honor they won't need to be told where to go; they'll sniff the places out for themselves. But there is no reason why anybody whose nose is less keen shouldn't eat the best, just this once.

The most famous restaurant in the world is the Automat. For about 25 years this Wonder of the Ages chain has been mysteriously serving 300,000 meals a day in return for nickles dropped in a slot. You may not want to eat in an Automat but if you want to see it in operation pick one located in the middle of the garment district, which is but five minutes out of the theatre section. Go at about ten minutes past twelve. What you will see is a combination of bedlam, a totalitarian state and an inventor's idea of Heaven. You won't believe it's possible. If you eat there, remember that one of the greatest chefs in the world presides over Automat kitchens. But he didn't cook what you ate, so don't hold anything against him.

The next most famous restaurant, at least in the United States, is Childs. The Childs founders were turning pancakes in a beanery window when everybody, including the customers, thought they were slightly touched in the head. But the customers kept coming—maybe out of curiosity—and now almost every res-

Don't ask, and don't take, recommendations from taxi drivers about places to go for a whoopee time.



Most of the night clubs in New York, and the French and Italian restaurants are on or near West 52nd St.

taurant in the country that has a pretty waitress and a show window has her out in it baking flapjacks. Childs has the hot dog concession at the World's Fair, which is no particular recommendation, but for those who aren't sure what kind of food they want and don't want to take chances, Childs can be depended upon to do the right thing at a reasonable price. The most popular dish with men in Childs, as in all restaurants, is corned beef hash.

When a country cousin goes to a New York restaurant he is usually surprised at the prices. Either they are high or they are low; they are never what he expects them to be. The reason is that the outside of a New York café seldom indicates what it is like on the inside—especially what it is like in the kitchen. One of the Childs restaurants looks like a Cecil de Mille palace out of the Arabian Nights; but the food is about the same as in the other eating places of the chain and the prices are as moderate. Just about the best steak to be had in the Great City is prepared in a little place that doesn't even put linen on the table. But what meat, and what cooking, and what prices! You'd suspect the beef was fattened on gold-plated corn. But there is certainly no doubt that it was fattened.

People who live west of the Hudson are often confused in their price estimates because in the home town the biggest is usually also the most expensive. Size is no criterion in Manhattan. Big restaurants in New York are designed to accommodate a lot of people, not necessarily to serve the best in food.

The true New Yorker collects out-of-the-ordinary restaurants as Brenda Frazier collects a stag line. The slightest hint that a new eating place may be something extraordinary will send him off on the chase with the anxious interest of a puppy retrieving a stick. Even those who haven't the time to cover all the places they'd like to, eagerly gather information on *specialties* so they can hold up their end when the conversation gets around to food. Which, you may confidently believe, it does.

Prices for good food vary widely. At Voisin, one of



The really dangerous boy to watch out for is the well-oiled stranger who suggests a place he knows all about.



The ferry trip to Staten Island and back takes an hour, and a camera enthusiast can use up a roll of film to good advantage.

the best French restaurants anywhere, a dinner with wine may easily cost \$10; at Fleur De Lis a good French dinner with wine is sixty cents. If you want to give yourself one real fling along with all the celebrities, have lunch at the Colony and dinner at "21", once New York's most famous speakeasy. Exclusive of cocktails and wine the cost could be about \$25 for lunch and dinner for two if you feel in an expansive mood. At the Colony, lunch doesn't really get under way until 1:30; if you show up around twelve they hand you a uniform.

Foreign restaurants in New York are often as good as the best in their own countries. If you want to give your palate a ten-day jag in the not too expensive places you might try some of these; French, Café St. Denis; Japanese, Toyo Kwan; Italian, Marusi; Spanish, La Casita; Mexican, Xochitl; Chinese, Lum's Garden; Indian, Bengal Tiger; Swedish, Kungsholm; German, Luchow's; Russian, Russian Kretchma. There are others, scores of them, but in any of these you can turn yourself over to the waiter and let him do his worst. And the odds are about ten to one against your friends from home discovering any more than a couple of them.

The problem of getting from place to place in New York is very simple indeed for those who keep their feet dry and their heads cool under all conditions. Anybody who brings an automobile in the city during 1939 is, of course, completely demented. Not only will there be no place whatsoever to park it, but there seems to be a physical law operating in Manhattan which makes it impossible for private automobiles to go anywhere. Sounds ridiculous, but it's true. Get into your own car to go twenty blocks, and a half-hour later you're still on the way. Get into a cab and you're there before you know it; bruised and shaken perhaps, but there.

Riding in a New York taxicab requires a certain amount of skill. Especially it calls into play the little-used muscles of the abdomen. Cab riding has been said to be one of two ways in which New Yorkers get their physical development. Hoisting cocktails builds the

muscles of the shoulder, forearm and wrist, there as everywhere. But only in a New York cab can one get the combined benefit of going some place and, at the same time, building up a strong, resilient midriff.

This somewhat wondrous circumstance results from the darting-in-and-out qualities peculiar to the taxis that team in the metropolis. Traffic in New York is of two types: passenger cars which stand still and cabs which weave around them. The taxi rider sits braced for the worst with hands extended, staring straight ahead, not frightened, of course, but with eyes slightly glazed, while underneath him the cab weaves in and out at forty miles an hour. As a result, while his shoulders and head remain in a fixed position, his sit-upon twists and turns with the direction of the cab. The constant play in his middle section produces muscles as astonishing as they are abhorrent to any reared-in-a-speakeasy Manhattanite.

Perforce he has taken it sitting down, but he hasn't given in completely. In his constant endeavor to achieve that state of physical perfection known as complete flabbiness, he has built a simple defense against cab-muscleitis. He never rides in one of them alone. Always he goes with two, three or four sympathetic and equally fearful friends who wedge themselves in so tightly that no muscular action whatsoever is possible. Then he rides in complete relaxation of mind and body, enjoying the famed cheap rates (the same for one or five persons) and is completely at home in the friendly, crowded atmosphere which is his element.

Once the taxi technique is mastered, there is little that cannot be conquered. You can take in a row of night clubs as long as your arm between midnight and dawn. Also you can obtain a thorough education, although the number of tourists who go from museum to museum and from civic wonder to civic wonder in taxicabs can be counted on the thumb of one hand.

The true New Yorker never goes any place where he might conceivably be educated. Some few who take their position in the community (*Continued on page 40*)



A Short, Short Story

THE umpire-in-chief was talking to the field captains, and the three o'clock hush had fallen over the Polo Grounds. On the Giants' bench, Red Halloran squinted along the grain of 'Mary Ann', his oldest bat. He said, "One hit, a dinky single, in seven games. How's that for a slump?"

Hank Grubbs, the pitching coach, turned from the water-cooler. "Forget it. You'll hit sometime."

"That's what I been thinkin', but do I hit? Hell, no! I get tighter and tighter. Listen, Hank, I got eight rabbits' feet. Also, I got about five pounds of luck pieces people sent me. And so far this week, two hunchbacks and fifty nigger kids have been out to my place, and I've rubbed humps and I've scratched wool. Well, I'm still poppin' up."

"Maybe you don't live right."

"That's what Molly says. 'You quit crabbin', she tells me, 'and you'll get them hits.'"

"Sounds like McGraw. He said you got to make somebody happy to bust a slump."

"Huh!" Red grunted, and he shot a stream of tobacco juice out onto the grass. "I'm makin' the pitchers happy, ain't I?"

A block away, outside the park, an old man and a boy were pushing toward the entrance marked "Box Seats". The youngster's face was tight and anxious, and he was a step ahead of the man, pulling at his hand.

Old Will MacPherson tried to keep the wheeze out of his voice. "We'll

make it in time, Jamie," he said.

The boy looked at the clock over the gate. The minute hand was touching the hour. Then the loud-speakers echoed inside, "Th' bat-trees... F' Ch'cago... Lee 'n' Hart-nett... F' N' Yawk... Gumbert 'n' Dannig."

"Will they let us in, Pop, if we're late?"

"Sure, son. We'll see it all."

They reached their seats just as Gumbert eased a strike past Hack, the Cubs' first hitter. Jamie looked at the outfield.

"Where's Red Halloran, Pop?"

"That's him in center, with the big ears."

Will settled back. He'd been right about the seats. From the box near third they could watch a left-handed batter. It was Halloran Jamie wanted to see. He worshipped hitters, and Red was the greatest of them all.

Will looked down at the sandy little head. He'd had other sons by his first wife—grown now, with families of their own—but this child of Alice's meant more to him than all the rest. The others belonged to the older time, when he'd owned his trucks and his steam shovels, had built a bridge and a subway and a hundred apartment houses. 1929 had changed all that. Just married for the second time, he'd been crushed and swindled, caught short in a dozen directions, and he'd been glad enough of a City Hall clerkship. Alice had taken it like a thoroughbred.

These seats had cost him money—a month's smoking, to be exact, and

a bit from each day's lunch. But he'd had to do it. He'd never been able to play with Jamie. He couldn't swing at a fast one and sprint for first, like the fathers of Jamie's companions. The depression years had seen to that. They'd left him with bent shoulders and gray hair and a tricky heart to watch. You can't explain those things to a ten-year-old, can't talk against the puzzled look in a boy's eyes. You try to win him in other ways.

He'd schemed for weeks. He'd figured out the money and where they would sit, and he'd studied the Giants' schedule. Then, two days ago, he'd told Jamie, casually, they were going.

Jamie's face had turned white, and the freckles across his nose were like small islands.

"Gosh, Pop!" he'd stammered. "You mean we'll see Red Halloran? Honest, Pop? Oh, boy! Wait till I tell the kids!"

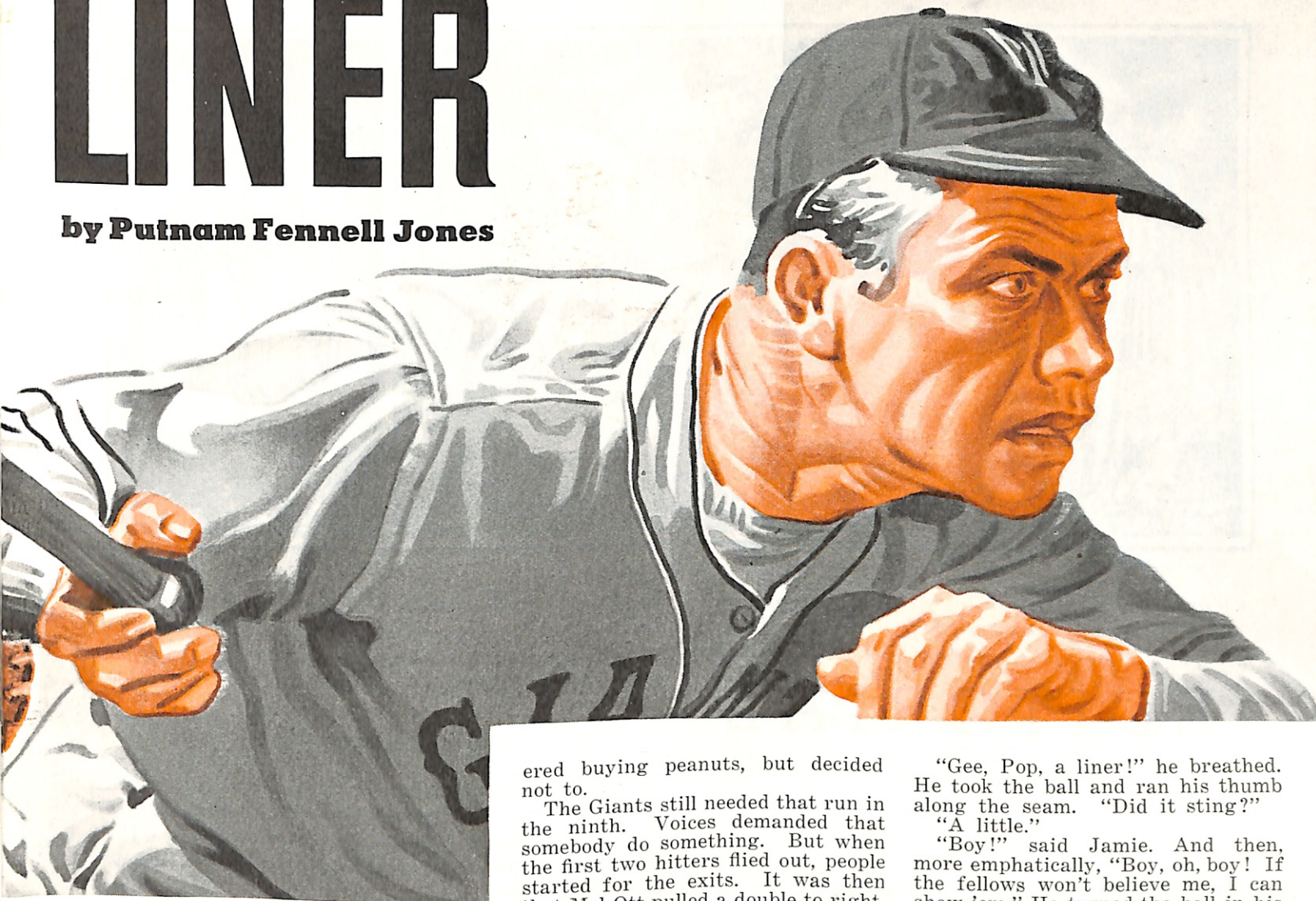
But Red wasn't doing much that day. He fouled to Hack in the second, and in the fifth he watched a third strike. Then in the seventh he came up with one out and the bases loaded. The fans stood up, for there had been only one score so far, a home run by Hartnett in the sixth.

"Come on, Red!" they begged. "Put us in the game!"

Lee worked carefully on him. The umpire called them: strike... ball... strike two. He kept them around the knees, looking for a double-play grounder or a pop fly. On the next pitch Red swung. The ball arched upward, drifting lazily toward the third-base boxes.

LINER

by Putnam Fennell Jones



There was a clean crack, and the ball shot away toward right field carrying straight and true into the second tier of stands.

Illustrated by ARTHUR SMITH

"Catch it, Pop!" Jamie shouted. Will stood on his toes and reached. The ball dropped toward him, touched his fingertips, slipped between them, and bounded off the concrete step onto the field. Jamie looked at his father.

"Could we have kept it, Pop?"

"I guess we could," Will nodded, and he felt the color in his cheeks. "Better watch the batter, son."

Halloran swung again, and this time the ball streaked along the ground toward second. Herman pounced on it, tossed to Bartell at second, who shot it to Cavaretta for the double play. Another inning without a score.

Will looked at his son. Jamie's lips were pressed together, and there was a moist brightness in his eyes. At that age your heroes mustn't fail. If they're hitters you want them to hit, and if they're your Pop you want them to hold on to a ball. Will knew what that ball would have meant to Jamie—a prize to be shown, a ball Red Halloran had hit. He consid-

ered buying peanuts, but decided not to.

The Giants still needed that run in the ninth. Voices demanded that somebody do something. But when the first two hitters flied out, people started for the exits. It was then that Mel Ott pulled a double to right, bringing Red Halloran to the plate. The crowd stopped and turned, for a hit now would tie the score.

Lee took his signal. He wound up and burned one past the letters on Red's shirt. Strike one. Another, in the same place. Strike two.

A hoarse voice bellowed, "Come on, you bum, quit stalling!"

Will saw Jamie's fingers tighten on the rail, and he saw his lips move. The boy's eyes were fixed on Halloran, who had rubbed dirt on his hands and stood waiting for the next pitch.

It was another fast one and he stepped into it. His swing was late, however, and the ball exploded off his bat on a line, curving sharply toward the boxes.

"Look out, Pop!" Jamie yelled.

As Jamie ducked behind the railing, Will braced himself. The ball was coming shoulder high and its outline was blurred, like a bad snapshot. He threw up his hands with his fingers cupped outward, and the leather crashed into his right palm like a searing thunderbolt. His arm went dead to the elbow, but somehow he hung on. There was a cheer from the stands and a fat man shouted, "Go down and hit for him, mister!"

"Well, son, there's your ball," Will said. "Stick it in your pocket."

Jamie stared back at his father.

"Gee, Pop, a liner!" he breathed. He took the ball and ran his thumb along the seam. "Did it sting?"

"A little."

"Boy!" said Jamie. And then, more emphatically, "Boy, oh, boy! If the fellows won't believe me, I can show 'em." He turned the ball in his fingers for a moment, then shoved it into his pocket.

Lee was ready to pitch again. He threw a curve this time, high and close to the shoulders. Halloran's bat flashed.

There was a clean crack, and the ball shot away toward right field. It rose as it went, carrying straight and true into the second tier of the stands. Scorecards and straw hats fluttered out onto the field as Ott rounded third and crossed the plate and Halloran jogged easily in after him.

For several seconds Jamie stood without moving. When at last he turned, he had a big tear in each eye and he was grinning. He slipped his hand into his father's, and they walked up the aisle together.

RED met Hank Grubbs on the way to the clubhouse. He showed his teeth and said, "Was McGraw nuts or was he nuts? Make somebody happy to bust a slump? Hah! Three times I go up there and look like a monkey. Then in the ninth I scare the hell out of everybody and I almost kill an old geezer. What happens? Right away I'm hitting. I'm loose again and I powder one. So what?"

"Dunno," Hank said. "Maybe Mac was wrong. That was a nice hit."



Drawings by C. B. Falls

goodbye to him, but are crowning him with the Aloha lei of friendship and welcoming him to an even wider field of usefulness as a councilor and adviser in the group of Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

EDITORIAL

Greeting Royalty

A Forceful Executive

LESS than one month after closing his term of office as Grand Exalted Ruler, Dr. Edward J. McCormick will celebrate the twenty-sixth anniversary of his initiation into Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, on August 7, 1913. These twenty-six years have been crowded full of activities as an Elk in which he has caught not only the true spirit and full significance of the Order, but has added much to its influence for good to mankind. His crowning achievement has been a year of devoted service which has placed the feet of the Order on a higher and more secure pathway leading to its ultimate destiny as the foremost benevolent and patriotic fraternity in the United States.

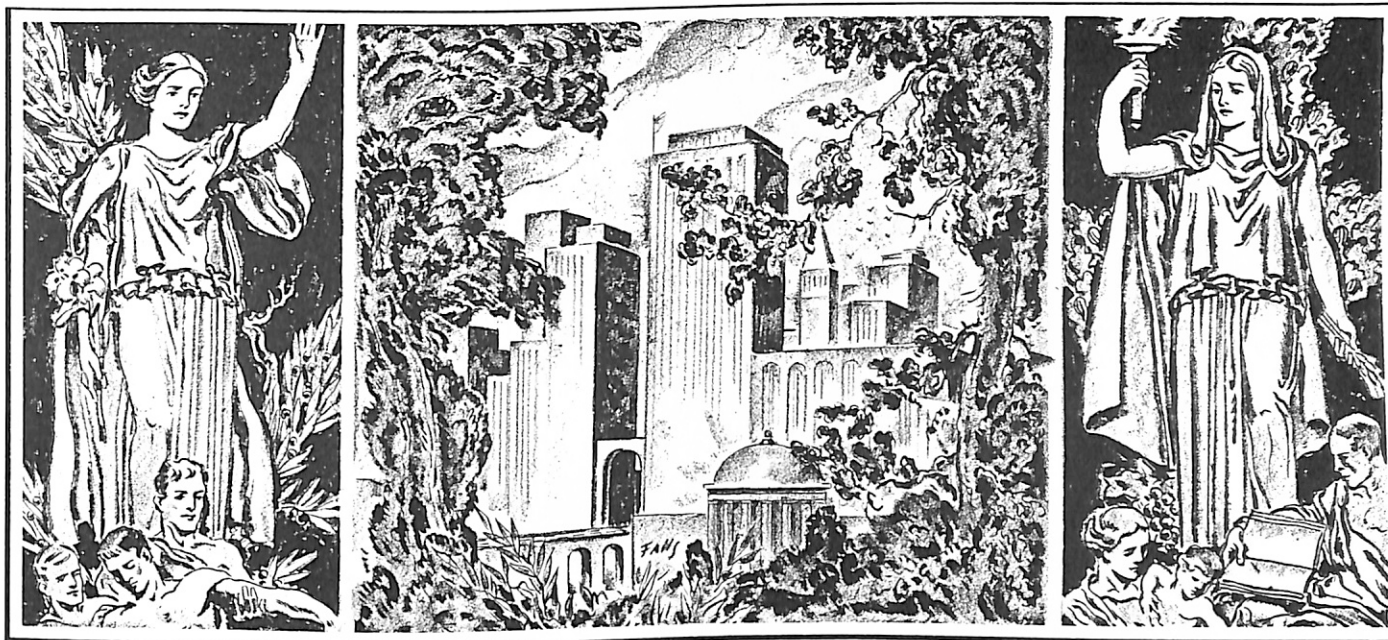
His monthly messages which we have been privileged to print in these columns have merely served further to bear witness to his high ideals, his fervor as a patriotic American and his devotion to and love of our Order. When this month he surrenders the scepter of authority at the St. Louis session of the Grand Lodge, he may well lay the flattering unction to his soul that he has given to the utmost of the talents entrusted to him by Divine Providence, not only to his own lasting credit but also to the enrichment of the fellowship of our Order.

He has earned and received the gratitude of Elks everywhere and all will join in wishing him long life, unbounded happiness and even greater accomplishments in his chosen profession in which, still on the sunny side of fifty, he is recognized as an outstanding surgeon. We are not saying

IT IS difficult in these days to say or do anything to which someone may not take exception by charging that a sinister purpose is lurking in the words or acts. The King of England no sooner announced that he, accompanied by the Queen, would pay a visit to the United States, than it was charged by some that the visit was not inspired by friendship but that the real objective was a quest for a huge loan or for armed assistance in a threatened war, or both. This we regard as most unfortunate. How much kinder would it have been to ascribe good instead of sordid and selfish motives to our guests. This would be more in keeping with the spirit of American hospitality, and, we venture to assert, also more in keeping with the real purpose of this visit. Developments may justify the attitude of those who have expressed their suspicions, but until it has been conclusively demonstrated that the King and Queen planned the visit for some ulterior purpose, let us accept it as a gracious gesture of friendship and cordiality.

In this country we do not know much about kings and queens and are prone to think that they regard themselves as wholly apart from the proletariat and as having nothing in common with ordinary mortals. While we cannot speak with authority, never having chummed with royalty, we are inclined to the opinion that kings and queens are quite human, that they eat the same food, enjoy the same pleasures and suffer the same ills as ordinary mortals. Joys and sorrows, sickness and death are common to every man whether his head wears a crown or slouch hat. Why, then, all this fanfare and hubbub as to how to greet properly the King and Queen; whether or not to curtsy, whether to say this or that, or to say nothing?

It is said that the lamented Will Rogers on first meeting the then Prince of Wales, grabbed him by the hand and said,



"Hello, Prince, have you fallen off your horse lately?" Of course, Will could get away with things which would be taboo to most individuals, but, after all, that was a typical American greeting in that it was a proffer of real friendship. The assurance of real friendship is the desideratum of hospitable greetings and is appreciated by kings and queens and princes as well as by the rest of us.

The poet expressed the true spirit of Americans when he wrote:

"They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty."

All Aboard for St. Louis

AFTER many months of planning, the Grand Lodge Session is at hand and in a very few days Elks from every section will be on their way to St. Louis. Each succeeding annual reunion of our membership becomes in many respects more important and interesting than its predecessor. This will be true as long as the Order continues to develop in importance.

The work of preparation, however, is not confined to the Order but includes the host city. This year not only the City of St. Louis but the whole "Iron Mountain" State has been busily occupied in arranging for our reception and entertainment. St. Louis Lodge No. 9 is the oldest of the twenty-four lodges in the State. It not only is the mother lodge of Missouri but is recognized as among the outstanding and progressive lodges of the Order. A feast of entertainment has been planned for us, and those who attend the Grand Lodge Session will find time for enjoyment as well as for the discharge of the duties incumbent on them in transacting the important business of the Order for which they have been sent as representing the various subordinate lodges.

Entertainment is of great, yet of secondary, importance. The business of the Grand Lodge must come first, and when

it has been attended to, the representatives will be in a frame of mind better to appreciate the social activities which have been arranged for their enjoyment.

Authorship of Pledge to Flag

THERE has been some doubt and considerable discussion as to the authorship of the Pledge to the Flag so familiar to every Elk. Recently the United States Flag Association, after a most thorough investigation, ascribed the authorship to Francis Bellamy of Rome, New York. While this would seem to settle the matter, those who have contended that James B. Upham of Malden, Massachusetts, is the author probably will not be willing to accept this decision as final, and may continue the discussion.

The Order of Job's Daughters, a Masonic organization, had decided to erect in the State of Virginia a monument to Upham as the author, but we are advised that this association has accepted the finding of the United States Flag Association and will erect the monument to Bellamy.

It is worthy of commendation that a monument is to be erected to the memory of the author of this nationally recited pledge.

Guide-posts to Peace

THE following from Henry Van Dyke's "Footpath to Peace" will be appreciated by every Elk as in accord with the teachings of the Order:

"To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies and often of your friends; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace."

Under the ANTLERS



Above: Distinguished Florida Elks who were present at the dedication of the monument to the late Caspian Hale, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, at New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

Sister Lodges Perform Ceremonies for Indiana, Pa., Lodge

Indiana, Pa., Lodge, No. 931, has closed a successful year under the leadership of E.R. Harry C. Graham, and reports a bright outlook for one equally successful under the administration of the present Exalted Ruler, Zenas K. Harkleroad. The new officers were installed at a recent meeting by officers and members of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge, No. 907. The ceremonies were under the direction of P.D.D. Paul J. Dimond.

A class of 54 candidates was received into Indiana Lodge on March

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

21, the initiatory ceremonies being performed by the P.E.R.'s Degree Team of Apollo, Pa., Lodge, No. 386, in charge of P.D.D. W. C. Kipp. More than 150 members attended the meeting and social session. Interest in lodge affairs is better than it has been in many years and the program of activities is planned to provide fun and entertainment for all as well

as to include work along more serious lines. The lodge room has been completely renovated. New lighting fixtures and effects add greatly to its beauty and dignity.

Last Improvement Bonds Are Burned by Albion, N. Y., Lodge

At a recent meeting, with ceremonies befitting the occasion, Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, burned the last of its Improvement Bonds. Seven years ago, when Past District Deputy Leon H. Gilbert, was serving as Exalted Ruler, the sum of \$800 was voted for remodeling the lodge room. As the work progressed, however, the plans were enlarged upon, and the appropriation was increased to \$3,200. The amount was raised wholly within the lodge by bonds sold to members. Some of the bonds were redeemed each year. When a profit was reported this year by P.E.R. Emmett B. Kane, Chairman of the Grill Committee, it was decided to turn over a portion of the amount to the secretary and the balance necessary for final payments to the five remaining bondholders was voted from the lodge funds.

The ceremonies were largely at-



Left: The Male Chorus of Huron, S. D., Lodge presenting a check of \$50 to Kenneth Knapp of Huron College, first winner of the Male Chorus Boys' Voice Scholarship.

At top: Officers of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge with F. H. Hertel, manager of the Food Conservation Department of the Lodge, and the new truck which Columbus Lodge has purchased for welfare work.

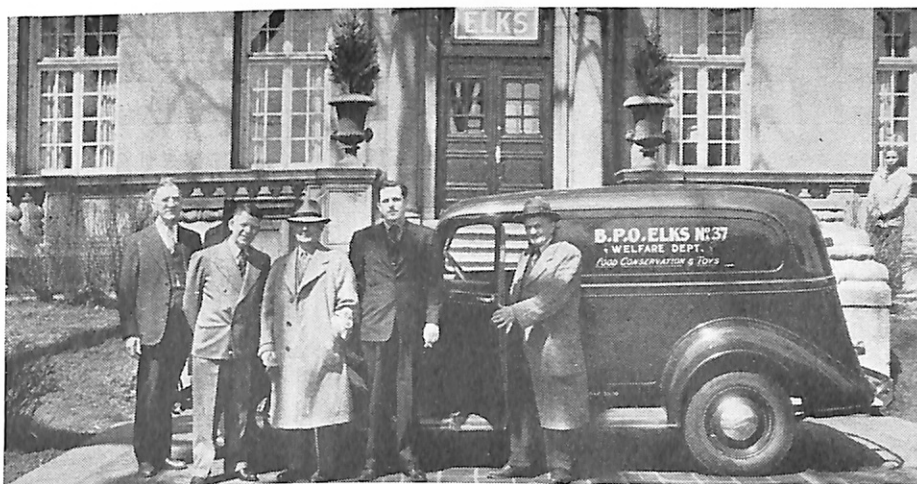
tended. P.E.R. J. Wallace Eggleston spoke on the origin of the lodge and the purchase of the home, Mr. Gilbert told of the remodeling, and P.E.R. Daniel F. Dugan gave a talk on the Order. E.R. M. I. Spierdowis, Mr. Kane and Mr. Gilbert then took their places before the altar and burned the bonds. Refreshments were served later.

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Progress of Past Year

Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, celebrated the progress made during the 1938-39 fiscal year by holding its annual Membership Dinner-Dance at the Deauville Beach Club, with "Honor Roll" members as guests. On April 15, following the installation ceremonies, the annual Officers' Ball, for retiring and incoming officers, drew an attendance of several hundred Elks and their ladies to the lodge home. Prior to the concluding initiation of the fiscal year, balloting on applicants resulted in 38 being elected to membership. At a previous meeting in March a class of 31 was initiated.

Among major activities scheduled by Santa Monica Lodge for the coming months are preparations for the 25th Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association to be held Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 14-15-16. P.E.R. Owen O. Keown is General Committee Chairman. With a score of active sub-committees functioning, advance plans are already well organized. This will be the fourth time the lodge has entertained the State Association, conventions having been held in Santa Monica in 1922, 1926 and 1935.

Below: The newly elected officers and P.E.R.'s of Lincoln Neb., Lodge with D.D. T. J. Connelly who presided at their installation ceremonies.



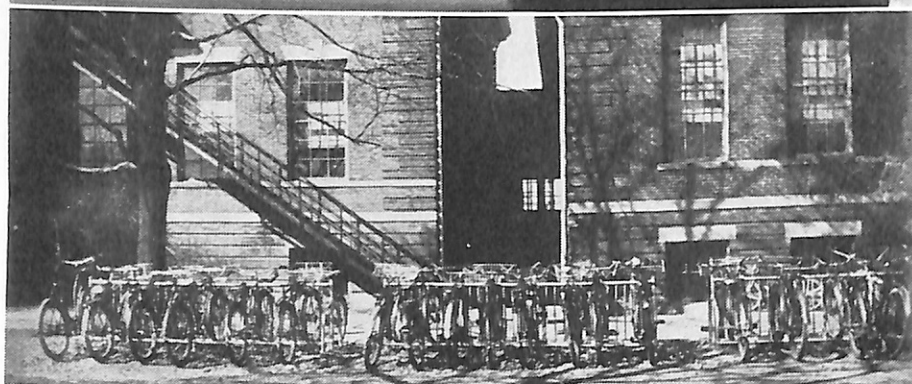
Above: The bowling team of Decatur, Ill., Lodge which won the championship of the Pioneer League. They later attended the Elks National Bowling Tournament in Toledo.

Below: The Lewiston, Me., Ritualistic Team which stands undefeated and un-challenged New England champion, with the cup which it won in the Maine State Championships.





Above are those who participated in the Elks Charity Minstrel Show recently presented by Bozeman, Mont., Lodge.



At left: Sixty-six bicycle racks donated by Princeton, Ind., Lodge to the Lowell School. Racks to accommodate 44 machines were presented to the local high school.

Death of R. C. W. Jones; Other Orange, N. J., Lodge News

The loss of Trustee Roscoe C. W. Jones, who died on April 1, is keenly felt by Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135. Mr. Jones was a member of the Crippled Children's Committee, and served as its chairman for more than 15 years. At evening services conducted by the Elks at the residence, the eulogy was delivered by P.E.R. W. J. McCormack, Assistant Attorney General.

The treasurer of Orange Lodge, City Tax Assessor John Keaster, celebrated his 32nd anniversary as an Elk at a recent meeting. Mr. Keaster acted as secretary-treasurer of the House Committee for 18 years, has served as treasurer of the Ball Committee, and has officiated in a number of chair offices. P.E.R. John H. Moran

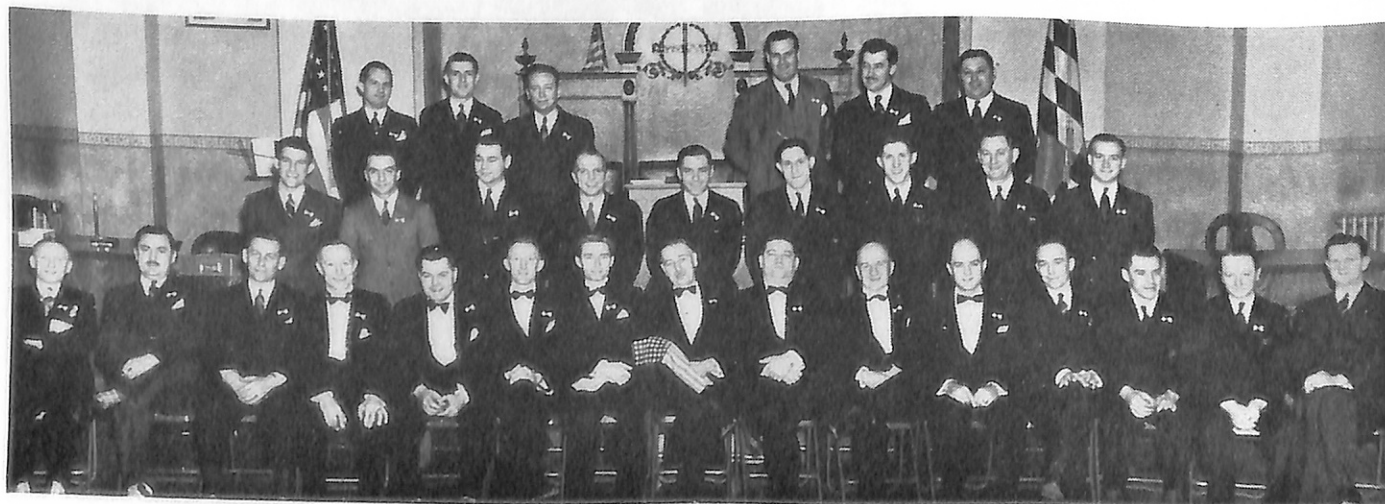
installed the new officers for Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405, being assisted in special feature work by P.E.R. Charles Boyd of Dover, N. J., Lodge. The newly elected officers of Belleville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1123, were installed by P.E.R. W. J. McCormack of Orange Lodge. When the new officers of Orange Lodge were chosen, Charles J. Werner, Jr., was appointed Chaplain for the 22nd time.

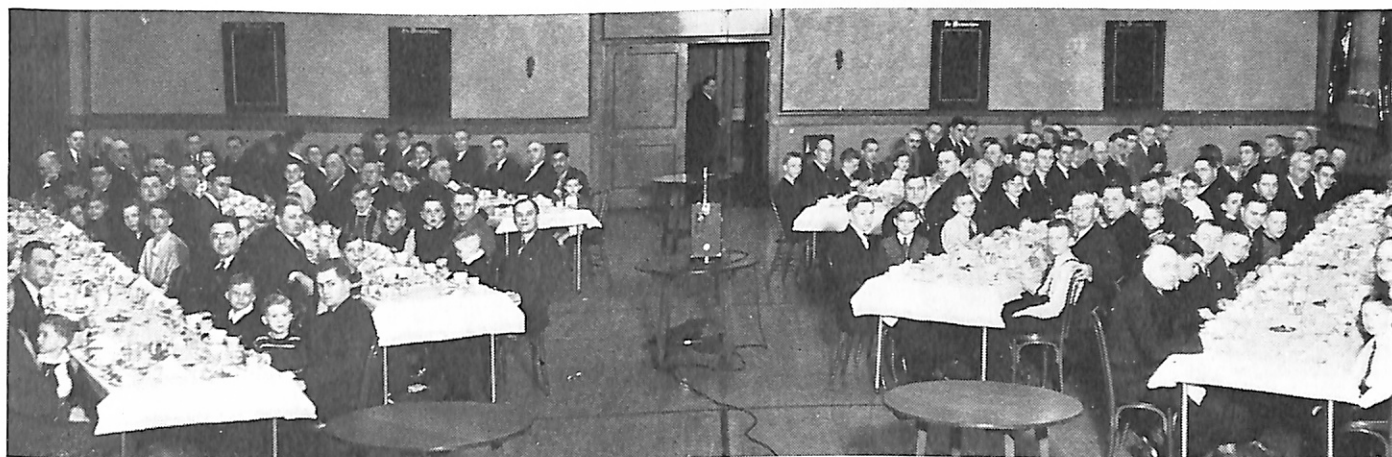
Inter-Lodge Tournament Committee Banquet Held at Everett, Mass.

With 225 members of 10 Greater-Boston lodges attending, the annual

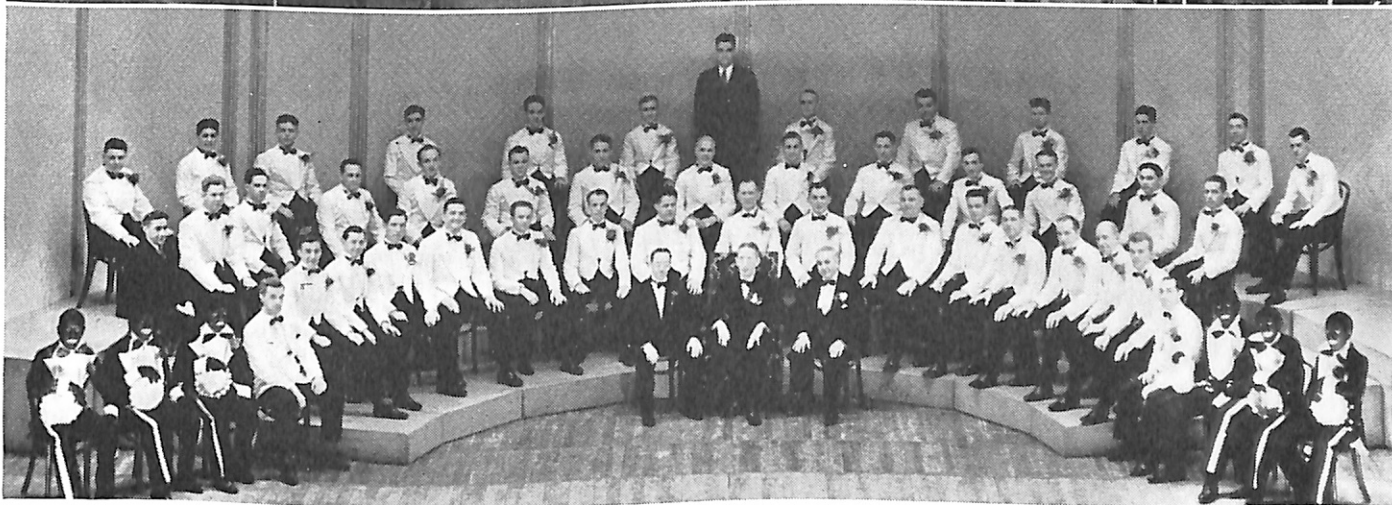
Below is the largest class ever initiated into Cumberland, Md., Lodge. Twenty-three new members are shown with the officers of the Lodge.

wind-up banquet given by the Inter-Lodge Tournament Committee was held in the home of Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, on April 16. The event celebrated the close of the 13th successful tournament season. Awards were presented to Wakefield Lodge which took first place, Cambridge Lodge, second, and Somerville and Brookline Lodges, tying for third place. Mayor M. J. Tobin of Boston donated a silver trophy for excellence in billiards which was won by Boston Lodge. Somerville Lodge won the silver trophy for 45-s donated by Mayor John C. Carr of Medford. The other lodges participating this year were Everett, Malden, Medford, Melrose and Revere. Games played included duplicate bridge, cribbage, 45-s, pool, billiards and bowling. The officers of the League are: President, Lt. Joseph J. O'Connell, Brookline; Secretary, William Hogan, Everett; Treasurer, Thomas Pickett, Somerville; Publicity, Jack Levy, Boston; Sched-





At top: The Fathers and Sons Banquet recently held by Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge.



Above are minstrels of Hartford, Conn., Lodge who have just completed a successful season.

ules, John F. Carr, Cambridge.

Presentation of the League prizes, with the exception of that for 45-s which Mayor Carr presented personally, was made by Past Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady of Brookline Lodge. William F. Hogan, Everett, First Vice-Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., D.D. William J. Dalton, Norwood, and P.E.R. Horace Knight, Medford, Past Pres. of the League, were among those present. A short speaking program was followed by enjoyable entertainment.

Akron, O., Lodge Presents a Second Safety Car to City

Akron, O., Lodge, No. 363, has presented a second fully equipped accident prevention car to the police department of the city of Akron. Because of the valuable aid rendered by the first safety car during its 11 months of service, the lodge purchased a similar automobile which it has had fitted with a two-way radio, cameras, first aid outfit, flares, gas masks and a complete set of rescue and extricating tools.

Chief of Police Rae Williams and

Capt. Tom Lynett, head of the traffic department, formally accepted the new car at presentation ceremonies staged in front of the lodge home early in March. The certificate of title was presented by E.R. Kenneth Mason. Tom T. V. Sawyer, Chairman of the Elks Traffic and Safety Committee, participated in the ceremonies which followed a luncheon at the home and were attended by officers and members of Akron Lodge, city officials and other prominent citizens.

Saginaw, Mich., Lodge Honors Charter Member W. B. Baum

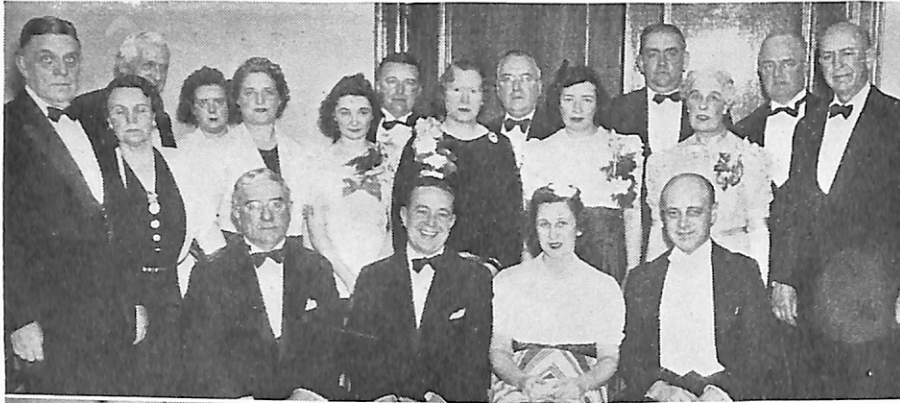
The only living charter member of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, William B. Baum, was the guest

of honor at a recent meeting marked by the initiation of a class of candidates dedicated to Americanism. Mr. Baum and John S. Wilson, Jr., of Lansing Lodge, Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn., the principal speakers of the evening, were introduced by Secy. Joseph M. Leonard, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. The initiation ceremonies were preceded by a buffet dinner and followed by entertainment.

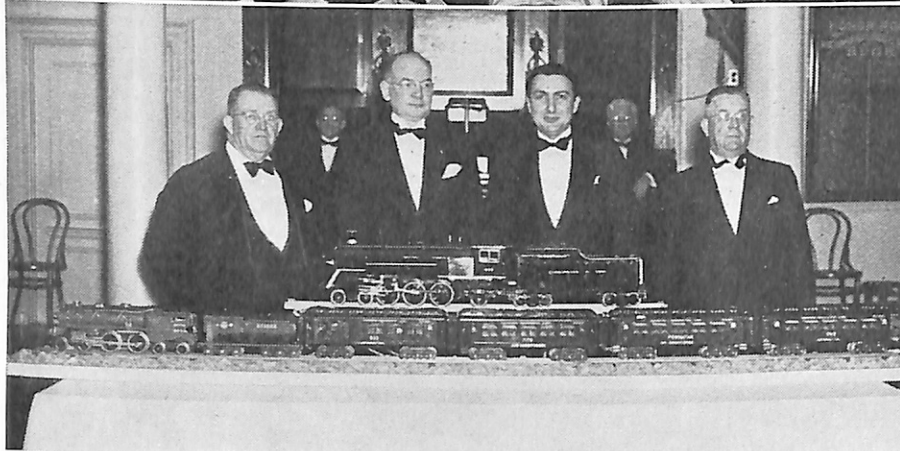
Mr. Baum has spent all of his 83 years in Saginaw. He was the last Mayor of East Saginaw prior to the



At right: A photograph taken when the first 35-year Service Pins in Arizona were presented by Tucson Lodge officers.



At top: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and many dignitaries of the Order attended the dinner marking the 50th Anniversary of Lowell, Mass., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley is at Dr. McCormick's right, with Mayor and Mrs. Dewey G. Archambault of Lowell on his left.



Above: E. R. Emanuel Emroch and Committee Chairman Charles H. Houchens, of Richmond, Va., Lodge, with A. L. Cavado of the C. and O. Railroad and Norman Call, President of the R., F. and P. Railroad, at Richmond, Va., Lodge's "Railroad Night". Mr. Call was the principal speaker.

consolidation, in 1890, of the two towns, and Mayor of the city of Saginaw for 11 years. He has been a prominent figure in the business life of the city and has served as Alderman and State Representative. Mr. Baum is one of the oldest Elks in Michigan in point of service and one of the lodge's most faithful members.

Marshfield, Wis., Lodge Honors State Pres. T. F. McDonald

Postmaster Thomas F. McDonald,

Pres. of the Wisconsin State Elks Assn., was given a testimonial dinner by his lodge, Marshfield No. 665, on March 27—"State Association Night." Three hundred Elks were present at the dinner and meeting. Fully one-third of the attendance was from out of town. Mayor E. J. Bodoh, a member of Marshfield Lodge, welcomed the visitors. E.R. W. A. Uthmeier introduced the delegations, representing approximately 20 Wisconsin lodges. State Trustee Ray C. Dwyer, of La Crosse, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

On behalf of Marshfield Lodge, E. C. Pors, one of the two remaining charter members, presented Mr. McDonald with an engraved gold card signifying his election to honorary life membership. Mr. McDonald made a short but eloquent address

to which response was made by State Trustee Myron E. Schwartz of Two Rivers. State Treas. Fred A. Schroeder of Wausau, P.E.R. Dr. A. V. Delmore, Two Rivers, and E. P. Powers, Appleton, also made brief talks. The 1938 State championship degree team of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge No. 693 conducted initiation ceremonies for the largest class initiated into the local lodge since 1922. One candidate was initiated for Beaver Dam Lodge and one for Wisconsin Rapids. After a few remarks by the Rev. Henry Halinde, State Chaplain, Mr. McDonald held a reception in the Blue Room of the lodge home where a buffet luncheon was served. Music was provided by the 135th Medical Regiment Band, and Troop 85, Marshfield Boy Scouts, furnished courtesy guides and handled parking.

An afternoon meeting was held before the dinner by the Board of Trustees of the State Association, attended by Mr. McDonald; Trustees E. W. Mackey, Manitowoc, and Otto Roenius, Wisconsin Rapids; State Secy. Lou Uecker, Two Rivers; State Vice-Pres. Frank T. Lynde, Antigo, and the other State officers heretofore mentioned.

Arizona Pioneer, P.E.R. Morris Goldwater of Prescott Lodge, Dies

The death of P.E.R. Morris Goldwater, on April 11, has deeply affected the membership of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330. Since he became a member of the lodge in 1905, Mr. Goldwater had engaged continuously in all of its activities. He was a Trustee for many years, and served

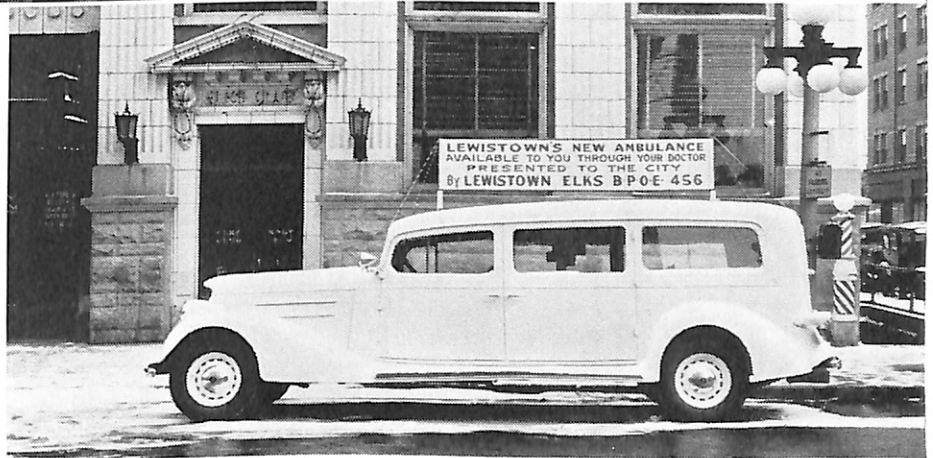
Below: The first picture of the Elks Boys Band of Richmond, Ind., Lodge.





At top: The concert band of Defiance, Ohio, Lodge which will present itself at the Elks National Convention in St. Louis.

At right: Once again Lewistown, Mont., Lodge has presented a new ambulance to the community. In 1917 it presented the first one to the War Department.



as District Deputy for Arizona North in 1921-22.

Mr. Goldwater was recognized as one of Arizona's most distinguished pioneer citizens, one whose contribution to the civic, business and social life and the development of the Territory and State will not be forgotten. Born in London in 1852, he was brought to the United States by his parents the next year. In his youth the family resided in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Stockton, Calif. The greater part of his early life was filled with typical frontier adventure. He traveled to Arizona by covered wagon with an armed escort, settling in La Paz, the old silver camp in Yuma County, where he established the first mercantile business in the Territory. Later he settled in Prescott where he became a powerful force in the State's affairs. He was Mayor of Prescott for 20 years, served in the Territorial Legislature, and was a member of Arizona's Constitutional Convention. His last po-

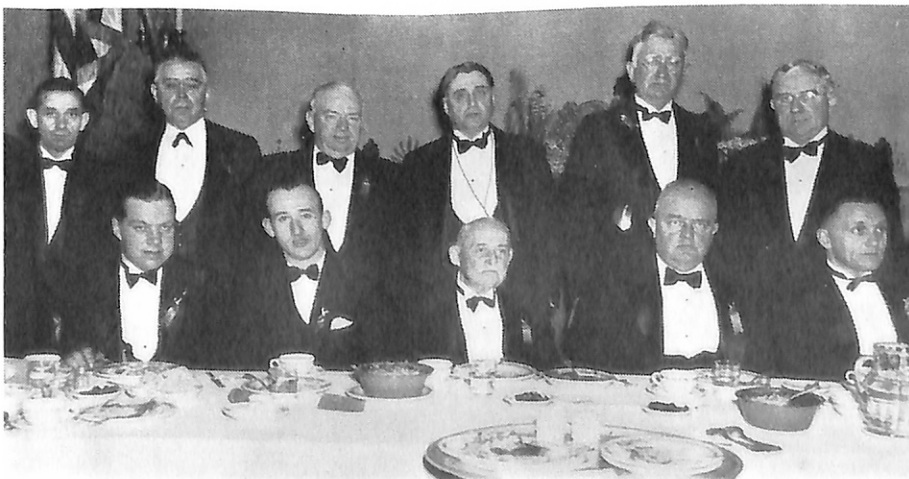
litical office was that of State Senator. Mr. Goldwater extended his business interests into banking and for the past 34 years had served as Secretary of the Arizona Banking Association.

Hospital Presented With Cardiette by Woburn, Mass., Lodge

In response to the invitation made by Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, a representative crowd of citizens, men and women, were guests in the lodge home for the formal presentation of a cardiette to the Charles Choate Memorial Hospital. President Elmer E. Silver and a number of the trustees of the hospital were

present to accept the gift on behalf of the Woburn Charitable Association. E.R. Michael H. McCarron, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., made the address of welcome. Mr. McCarron explained that the great need for a modern apparatus of this type, for use in medical research at the hospital, had been pointed out by several physicians, members of Woburn Lodge, and that the lodge had voted to donate the device as a memorial to three faithful and devoted Elks who had passed on—Dr. Thomas E. Caulfield, Dr. John F. Carroll and Dr. Vernon C. Stewart.

Several speeches were made of a nature inspiring to an audience assembled for such an occasion. One of the speakers, Kenneth B. Williams, a member of the Executive Board of the hospital, stated that the purchase of costly devices like the cardiette was out of range of the hospital's available funds. The gift, therefore, was all the more gratefully received.



At left: Speakers at Lynn, Mass., Lodge's 50th Anniversary banquet, among whom were E. Mark Sullivan, Member of the Grand Forum; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Daniel J. Honan, Vice-Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., and D.D. John E. Moynahan.



At left: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico and D.D. Homer A. Tessier are present as Miss Lillian E. Belanger delivers a radio message on Americanism, sponsored by Cohoes, N. Y. Lodge.



Above: Officers and new members of Marion, Ind., Lodge.

Prominent Elks Attend Institution of Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge

The institution of Bellows Falls, Vt., Lodge, No. 1619, which took place on April 2, was under the direction of D.D. Robert E. Cummings of Bennington, Vt., Lodge, assisted by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Montpelier, Vt.; D.D. Arthur W. Swan and P.E.R. B. E. Lindahl, Naugatuck, Conn.; Dr. R. R. Bennett, Bennington, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., and Past Pres. Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro; P.D.D. Patrick Kaney and E.R. Daniel Hickey, Hartford, Vt., Lodge; P.D.D. John Nelson, Barre, Vt., and Est. Lead. Knight Charles Campbell and Est. Loyal

Knight William H. Rudd, Bennington. E.R. Roy Dressel and the officers of Springfield, Vt., Lodge, performed initiatory ceremonies in the initiation of 21 candidates and nine who became members by transfer. Mr. Bowers was presented with a key to the lodge by Maurice Costin in recognition of the work he had performed in getting the new lodge started. George Elliott is the new lodge's first Exalted Ruler, and Austin Chandler is Secretary.

The attendance was estimated at well over 200. A number of prominent Massachusetts Elks were present, among them being E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the Grand Forum, and John F. Burke, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations

Committee, Boston; D.D. Daniel P. Barry, Arlington; P.D.D. Harry E. Gleason, a charter member of Brookline Lodge; P.E.R. David Greer, a member for three years of the championship Degree Team of Newton Lodge, and Kenneth Ferguson of Bellows Falls, who has been a member of Gloucester Lodge for 35 years. A buffet supper was served after the meeting.

Mount Kisco, N. Y., Lodge Enjoys Progress; Owns Beautiful Home

E.R. Arthur J. Fox of Mount Kisco, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1552, who was installed in office on April 5 by P.D.D. Dr. Joseph Vigeant of Poughkeepsie assisted by other prominent members of Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 275, has announced that, all of his officers and committees have been appointed and that the 1939-40 lodge year promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the lodge. About a year ago Mount Kisco Lodge purchased the club house previously owned and operated by the Mount Kisco Golf Club. The property is situated in a beautiful grove of trees adjacent to a small lake in what might be termed the suburbs of Mount Kisco. Approximately six and a half acres of ground provide ample facilities for outdoor sports and other forms of amusement. The two tennis courts are in excellent condition. Mr. Fox states that during the past year great progress was made in improving the entire property under the able leadership of the Exalted Ruler, Edward Olim, and the Chairman of the House Committee, Jack Mooney, and that while the lodge enjoys an enviable reputation now as always, every effort will be exerted by the new officers to continue the good work and add to the improve-

Below: Members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge who were present at a testimonial dinner given by the Lodge in honor of John L. Ruhstaller.





At top: A formal dance held by Mt. Carmel, Pa., Lodge which was attended by these members and their ladies.

ments inaugurated by their predecessors. It is anticipated that the results obtained by the local lodge cannot fail to add distinction to the Order which it represents, and to the community in general.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Holds Its Annual Sports Tournament

The annual Elks Sports Tournament sponsored by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, has become an institution in the Rocky Mountain Region. The event has been a major attraction for 12 consecutive years. It is estimated that 25,000 persons attended the 1939 tournament, be-

ginning January 23 and ending February 8, in which some of the most capable fighters in the amateur ranks were crowned champions. The winners represented Denver Lodge in the Inter-State Meet held in the Denver Auditorium on February 15. The Utah Golden Gloves champions of Salt Lake City were their opponents. In this meet the Denver team won six of the eight bouts. On March 31 the Denver team participated in a Tri-State meet with the amateur champions of Wyoming and New Mexico, and this time won five out of eight bouts. The winners were

Below: New members and old timers at a recent meeting of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, when a large class was initiated into the Order.

Above: The Americanism Class of 80 initiated into Alliance, Ohio., Lodge during the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick, center.

rewarded with a trip to the National A.A.U. meet in San Francisco on April 11-12.

Responsible for the success of the 1929 tournament were Ed Dundon, Chairman of the Committee, E.R. Henry S. Lindsley, and P.E.R.'s Duke W. Dunbar, Trustee, and Harry Finesilver. Tom Golden, a member of the lodge, served as Matchmaker in a highly efficient manner. The three referees were Dan Darnell, Joe Russell and Jack Bloom, also members of No. 17. They are the only licensed referees in the State who live in Denver.





Above: The Hillside, N. J., Elks Junior Baseball Team.



Left: The Noblesville, Ind., Lodge Band at the dedication of the new home of Union City, Ind., Lodge.

Princeton, Ind., Elks Sponsor Project of Benefit to Students

Princeton, Ind., Lodge, No. 634, has been praised widely for sponsoring a project which is extremely practical and provides convenience and safety in the grounds for students of the Lowell School and the local high school. Bicycle racks installed at the former accommodate 66 bicycles while those installed at the high school take care of 44. The racks are of all-metal construction set in concrete.

Below: The new officers of New York, N. Y., Lodge who were installed on James A. Farley Night with some of those dignitaries present. Among them were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Murray Hulbert; William T. Phillips, Member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Judge Ferdinand Pecora; Assemblyman Robert F. Wagner, Jr.; Judge James E. McDonald; Judge Charles J. Garrison, D.D. Samuel C. Duberstein; State Senator Phelps Phelps and Judge Pelham St. G. Bissell. Postmaster General Farley is shown seated, center.

Dr. McCormick Attends Lowell, Mass., Lodge's Golden Jubilee

Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, brought its Golden Jubilee Celebration to an auspicious close with a dinner-dance on April 19, at the Memorial Auditorium, attended by more than 1,000 Elks and their ladies. Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick was present and his address, in which he extolled Americanism and the principles of the Order, was the climax of the evening. Also taking a leading part in the program, which was broadcast, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; E.R. Andrew A. McCarthy of Lowell Lodge, and Mayor Dewey G. Archambault. P.E.R. Attorney John P. Farley was Toastmaster and P.D.D. James E. Donnelly delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Secy. John J. Flannery presented





Left: Members of the Connecticut State Elks Assn. look on as Governor Raymond E. Baldwin signs a bill sponsored by the Assn. to display a U. S. Flag in every school room.

Dr. McCormick with a mahogany cocktail table on behalf of the lodge. Two of the charter members, Joseph Hicks and James F. Gordon, were introduced by Mr. McCarthy, presented with substantial checks and praised for the good service they had rendered the lodge for half a century. Music during the dinner and for the dancing afterward was provided by the Elks' orchestra directed by Francis V. Redding. Since its institu-

tion Lowell Lodge has gained steadily in membership and stature in the community and has spent thousands of dollars in charitable work and other useful activities.

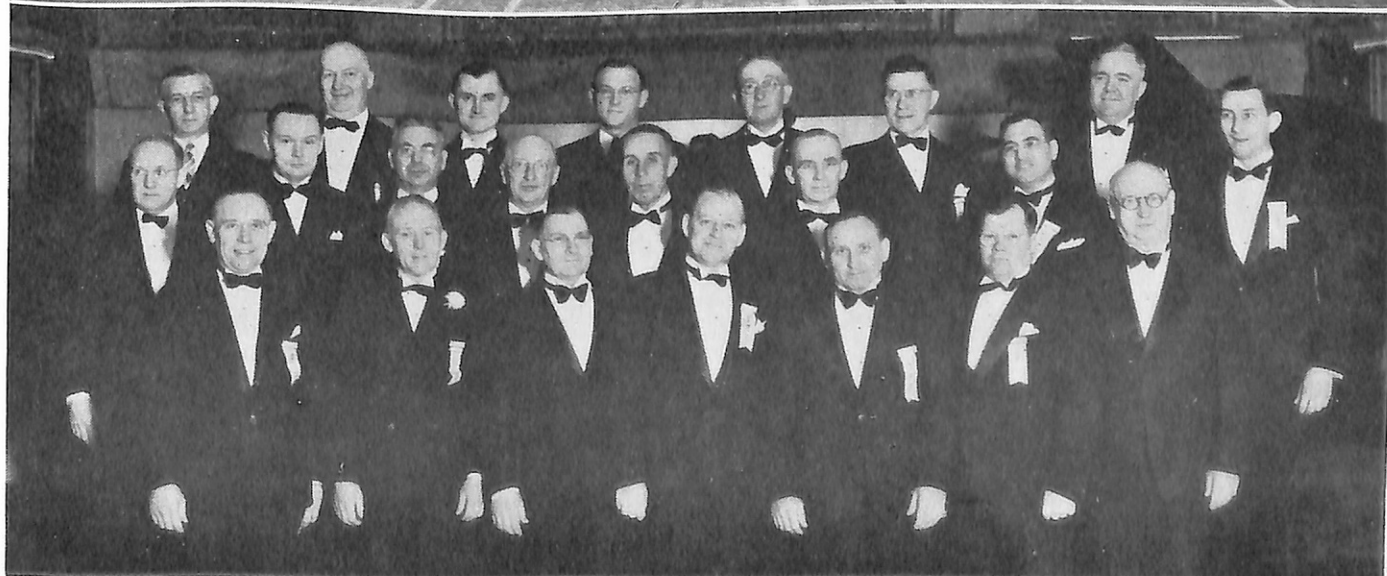
Gov. A. Harry Moore Installs Officers of Jersey City Lodge

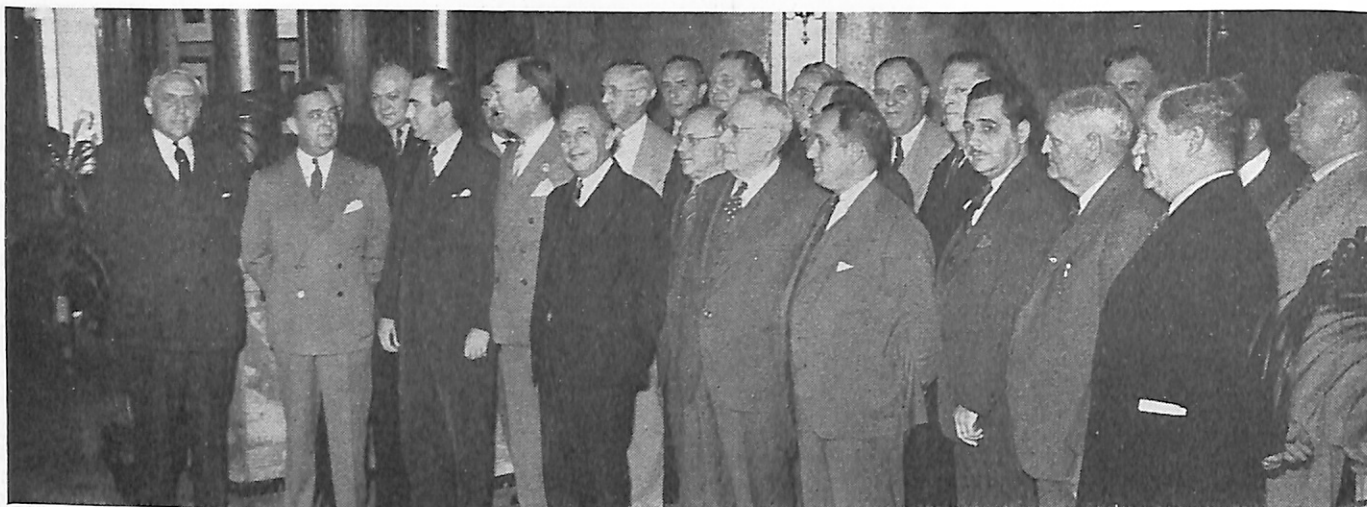
The Governor of New Jersey, P.E.R. A. Harry Moore, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., conducted the installation ceremonies at his home lodge, Jersey City No. 211. Delegations and dignitaries from sister lodges throughout the State were present. Entertainment and refreshments followed the meeting.

Judge James R. Erwin of the Common Pleas Court was the guest of honor at the testimonial dinner which Jersey City Lodge gives annually for the retiring Exalted Ruler. Among the speakers, all of whom paid high tribute to Judge Erwin as a leader, a true American and an Elk, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Maj. Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge; Gov. A. Harry Moore; John Borg, publisher of the *Bergen Evening Record*, Hackensack, and a member of the Port of New York Authority Board; State Pres. Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, and Basil O'Connor, former partner of Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt and a member of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The dinner was attended by 450 members and friends. E.R. M. J. Cronin was Toastmaster. The Chairman of the Dinner Committee, Joseph G. Parr, President of the Trust Company of New Jersey, presented a television

At bottom: The Entertainment Committee of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge which has created much enthusiasm in lodge activities among the members and their friends.

Below: Officers and 60 new members of Flint, Mich., Lodge. The class was initiated in the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis with the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, pictured in the Mayor's office on the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to that Lodge.

set to Judge Erwin. Entertainment included selections by a double quartet of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of New York.

Bath, N. Y., Lodge Burns Mortgage at Tenth Anniversary Meeting

The foresight of the officers and trustees of Bath, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1547, has resulted in the discharge of all debts, leaving the lodge in possession of an investment of more than \$25,000 which includes ownership of one of the finest homes in the South Central District. The tenth anniversary meeting in April featured the burning of the mortgage—the last vestige of debt.

A three-story business block was purchased in 1935, largely through the efforts of the late George R. Gavagan. The building was completely



remodeled and is regarded by the membership as a fitting tribute to his memory. Mr. Gavagan was one of the organizers of the lodge. The first Exalted Ruler was W. F. Knapp, who has since served as Vice-President of the District Association and as District Deputy. Bath Lodge has enjoyed ten progressive years and is a valued member lodge in the New York State Elks Association.

Above: The burning of the mortgage on the home of Madison, Wis., Lodge in the presence of the Lodge and State Assn. officers. Two hundred and fifty members were present.

J. McCormick was the principal speaker at an initiatory meeting held on Sunday, April 30, by Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, which was preceded by a noon dinner attended by approximately 200 members and guests. Both events took place in the lodge home. Dr. McCormick was introduced by P.E.R. R. E. Parker. Entertainment was fur-

Below: Those past and present officers of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge who form the new Officers Association for the betterment of lodge activities.

The Grand Exalted Ruler Speaks at Flint, Mich., Lodge

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward



Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and D.D. Leroy Yoder pictured with the Exalted Ruler and Secy. of Elkhart, Ind., Lodge.

Below, right: Members of Bath, N. Y., Lodge burning the last mortgage on the Lodge home.

nished by the Elks Glee Club, directed by Willard Spindler.

Sixty candidates were initiated. Inspired by Dr. McCormick's fine patriotic address, the members of Flint Lodge renewed their promise to aid in the national campaign for Americanism to which they have given faithful support for many months. E.R. Sherman Bean was also a speaker. Among the distinguished Elks who were present as guests of the lodge were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, a former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; John S. Wilson, Lansing, Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn.; District Deputy Arthur Pierpont, Owosso; P.D.D. C. L. Stebbins, Lansing; E.R. Chester V. Walker, of Toledo Lodge, and P.E.R. Karl P. Rumpf, Toledo, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler.



Denver, Colo., Lodge Sponsors Series of Children's Entertainments

Under the sponsorship of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, 1,000 orphans and underprivileged children of the city have been entertained once a month since last Fall at the Children's Playhouse. Alice in Wonderland, Pinocchio, Cinderella and other plays suitable for juvenile audiences were presented by skilled performers. Refreshments were served by the lodge on each occasion and transportation was furnished to and from the theatre.

The idea of entertaining the children was originated and fostered by the wife of P.E.R. Jacob L. Sherman, Past Grand Esquire. Prominent Elks have attended several of the performances. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, Mr. Sherman and E.R. Judge Henry S. Lindsley of Denver Lodge attended a recent party.



Above, left: Members of the Bowling Team of Kelso, Wash., Lodge who are the champions of the Washington Southwest District.

Left: Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri at a dinner after his initiation into St. Louis Lodge. Left to right are E.R. Thomas F. Muldoon, of St. Louis Lodge; Mr. Clark; Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell.



Above: The class recently initiated into Des Moines, Ia., Lodge in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.

Right: The bowling team of Rochester, Minn., Lodge which participated in the Elks National Bowling Tournament at Toledo.



Children of Wrangell, Alaska, Are Entertained by Local Elks

In all probability the children of Wrangell, Alaska, will be treated again next year to an Easter Egg Hunt. The Elks of Wrangell Lodge No. 1595 like to include fun for the youngsters in their social activities and this year the wives of members joined the wife of E.R. F. G. Hanford in coloring thirty dozen eggs which were hidden on Easter morning in scattered spots on the school grounds by Chairman P. L. Stump and his committee. The first prize was a live white rabbit, stuffed bunnies being given out to the next five winners.

Dr. McCormick, Visiting St. Louis Lodge, Hears Convention Plans

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick paid his official visit to St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, on Wednesday evening, May 17. A banquet and a reception were held in his honor at the home of the lodge. Brief after-dinner speeches were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., D.D. Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, and the Exalted Ruler of St. Louis Lodge, Thomas F. Muldoon. Dr. McCormick spoke on Americanism and in addition made a timely request—that the "little Elk" who attends the National Convention be given more attention.

At the close of his official visit with the lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler conferred with Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard

F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, General Chairman of the Executive Committee for the Elks 75th Grand Lodge Convention, and was acquainted with the fact that the St. Louis Convention Committee was planning one of the most elaborate and interesting Conventions ever to be held in the United States. From the time the Elks start arriving in St. Louis during the week of July 10 until the end of the Convention, there will be something doing to keep them busy every minute.

Tri-State Elks Assn. Holds Spring Meeting in Washington, D. C.

A new high for attendance at its quarterly meetings was made by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association at its

Spring meeting in Washington. More than 400 Elks and friends were registered.

A bowling tournament featured the opening day of the two-day meeting. Individual bowlers and teams were entered from Annapolis, Baltimore, Hagerstown, Cumberland, Frederick and Crisfield, Md., and Washington, D. C. The winner in the singles competition was Julian Easterday of Annapolis. The Annapolis team won the trophy awarded the 1939 championship team.

At the business meeting D.D. Charles P. Boyer of Crisfield announced the completion of arrangements for the institution of a new lodge at Easton, Md. Upon recommendation of the Social Service Committee, the Association made dona-



Right: Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight D. E. LaBelle with part of the class recently initiated into Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge.

tions to the American Society for the Control of Cancer and to the Seeing Eye organization. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland of Washington and Edward D. Smith of Lewistown, Pres. of the Pennsylvania State Elks Assn., were the principal speakers. The meeting was concluded with a dinner given by Washington Lodge No. 15 in honor of the State officers and committeemen. The invitation of Annapolis Lodge No. 622 to hold the next quarterly meeting in Annapolis was accepted.

Recent Social Events Enjoyed by Members of Boise, Ida., Lodge

The first social affair sponsored by the new officers of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, was a dinner-dance, a great success attended by 180 Elks and their ladies. Ed McMonigle was General Chairman. The lodge's newly organized chorus in natty uniforms took part in the floor show. Avery Thomas, a member of the Elks' Band, led the orchestra. The proceeds were presented to the Band to defray its expenses at the convention of the Idaho State Elks Association held at Coeur D'Alene last month. State Pres. A. L. Barnes of Lewiston and General Convention Chairman H. P. Glindeman, E.R. of Coeur D'Alene Lodge, visited Boise Lodge a few weeks before the meeting.

The "pep band" of Boise Lodge celebrated its first anniversary recently. At the end of a two-hour rehearsal, Director Ralph Fascilla turned chef. Assisted by Trustee Bud Rogers, sponsor of the Band, Mr. Fascilla soon turned out a real Italian spaghetti dinner.

Flags Placed in Schools Through Efforts of Connecticut Elks

The Connecticut State Elks Association sponsored a bill recently in the session of the State Legislature calling for the "display of the United States Flag in every school room in the State." Under the direction of the State Lodge Activities Committee, the bill was introduced in the

lower house by Representative Thomas O'Connor of Darien, a member of Norwalk Lodge. At the public hearing on the measure, State Treasurer Joseph E. Talbot, P.E.R. of Naugatuck Lodge, led the discussion of the bill which was passed by the house and senate in quick order. On May 9 Governor Raymond E. Baldwin signed the bill in the presence of representatives of the State Elks Association. The Governor extended his congratulations to the Elks of Connecticut for their stand in a mat-

State Association Convention Dates for 1939

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Oregon	Klamath Falls	June 30, July 1-2
Minnesota	Duluth	Aug. 3-4-5
Washington	Everett	Aug. 3-4-5
Virginia	Winchester	Aug. 21-22
Pennsylvania	Bethlehem	Aug. 21-22-23-24
Colorado	Salida	Aug. 24-25-26
Montana	Livingston	Aug. 24-25-26
Wisconsin	Wausau	Aug. 24-25-26
Maryland		
Delaware and District of Columbia	Crisfield, Md.	Aug. 27-28-29-30
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	August*
California	Santa Monica	Sept. 14-15-16
Vermont	Bennington	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
Nevada	Elko	October 1

*DATE NOT YET SET.

ter of such importance. The State Lodge Activities Committee, appointed by State Pres. Robert P. Cunningham of Danbury, is headed by Chairman Frank M. Lynch of New Haven Lodge.

On June 14 Meriden Lodge No. 35 held open air exercises and the Lodge Activities Committee, under the leadership of P.E.R. Dr. John Russell, presented 227 flags to the Board of Education to place in school

Right: Earl Bean of Olympia, Wash., Lodge presents an oxygen tent on behalf of the Lodge to Sister Bonosa of St. Peter's Hospital.

Below: Winthrop College students who were present at a program sponsored by Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge at which Dr. Warren G. Keith spoke on Americanism.

rooms where there were no flags. Gov. Baldwin and U. S. Senators Francis Maloney and John A. Danaher were present.

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Promotes Benefits for Worthy Causes

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, enhanced its reputation for aiding worthy causes by promoting three major events during recent months. The City Hospital benefited by the proceeds of the President's Birthday Ball which netted \$211. A boxing show, staged in the Lincoln gymnasium as a hospital benefit, was financially successful. As a result of this splendidly directed affair, managed by two Ellwood City Elks of established boxing repute, M. F. Book, General Manager, and Joseph N. Lattiano who acted as Matchmaker, more than \$400 was obtained and donated to the City Hospital's orthopedic appliance fund. The bouts brought out a crowd of 1,200 fans and provided them with plenty of excitement and entertainment.

The Annual Easter Charity Ball was the outstanding social event of the Spring season. Tommy Tucker's nationally known dance band furnished the music.

(Continued on page 46)



NEWS of the State Associations



Above: A banquet given by the Illinois State Elks Assn. in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick at Galesburg.

ALABAMA

The 16th Annual Convention of the Alabama State Elks Association at Mobile was formally opened on Monday morning, May 8, with a business session followed by a parade through the downtown streets. Registration was heavy and the Convention successful from every standpoint. There was a full Sunday schedule for those who arrived early. Religious services conducted by Dr. A. G. Moses, in the home of Mobile Lodge No. 108, special committee meetings in the afternoon, and a shrimp supper followed by an initiation and the annual Ritualistic Contest, were on the program.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz of Daytona Beach Lodge, a former Governor of Florida, was a welcome guest at the Convention and

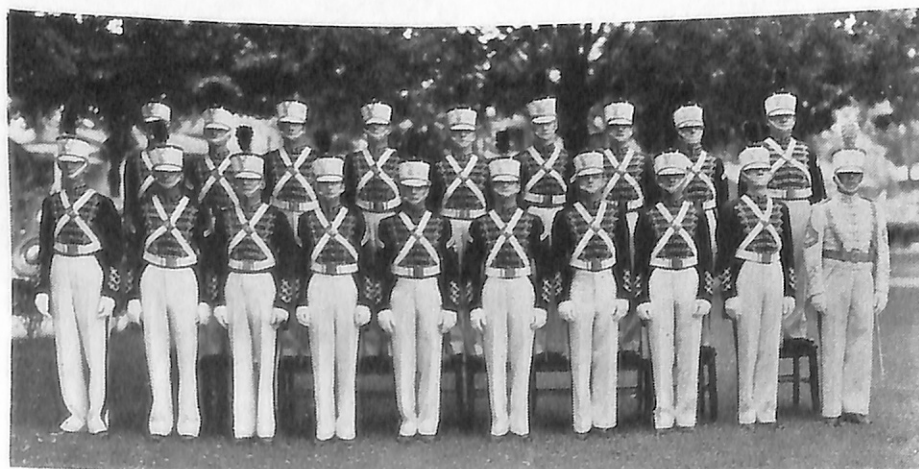
a speaker, delivering a particularly fine address before the assembled Elks. State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy, of Birmingham Lodge, presided at the meetings. After a prayer by State Chaplain W. A. Malone of Ensley, an official welcome was extended by E.R. Harry H. Myers of Mobile Lodge, General Convention Chairman. Among the speakers at the Convention were Mr. Sholtz, Mr. Tardy, D.D. George Ross, Bessemer; State Trustee Thomas E. Martin, Montgomery; Harry K. Reid, Jr., Birmingham, E.R. of the State Degree Team; Past State Pres. Four-nier J. Gale, Mobile, and State Vice-pres.'s Frank Raoul, Tuscaloosa, and George Stiefelmeyer, Cullman. The annual parade ended at the lodge home where refreshments were served. Other events were a fish fry.

the P.E.R.'s Banquet at the Cawthon Hotel, and the annual dance and floor show at the lodge home.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Harry Marks, Montgomery; Executive Vice-Pres., Dr. H. A. Elkhourie, Birmingham; Secy-Treas., J. B. Smiley, Birmingham; District Vice-Pres.'s: L. W. Douglas, Florence; J. A. Dunaway, Decatur; Peter R. Conway, Ensley; A. E. Trayler, Selma; J. E. Livingston, Tuscaloosa; Harry Myers, Mobile, and W. D. DeBardeleben, Anniston; Trustees; Maurice M. Walsh, Birmingham; Nelson Thomas, Jr., Ensley; A. R. Oxford, Bessemer; C. W. Anderson, Florence, and T. E. Martin, Montgomery. Birmingham Lodge No. 79 was awarded the C. M. Tardy Cup for winning the Ritualistic Contest. Anniston Lodge No. 189 will entertain the Association in 1940.

MISSOURI

The Missouri State Elks Association convened for its annual meeting, held at Sedalia, Mo., on May 19-20-21, with a registered attendance of 400. State Pres. Dr. Don H. Silsby of Springfield, Mo., Lodge, presided at the business sessions and also at the convention banquet held in the First Christian Church. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, was the principal speaker at the banquet at which 300 were present. P.E.R. Judge D. E. Kennedy outlined the history of Sedalia Lodge, of particular interest at the time as the Sedalia Elks were celebrating their Golden Jubilee. Social activities included a Saturday noon Dutch Lunch at the Armory and dances at



Above: State Champion Drill Team of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge which will compete in the national contest in St. Louis.

the lodge home. A floor show was brought from Kansas City.

The Bruce A. Campbell Trophy was presented to Washington Lodge No. 1559 for winning the Ritualistic Contest. Sedalia Lodge No. 125 was second. Washington Lodge was also awarded the Dr. Don H. Silsby Trophy for the "most outstanding lodge." Washington Lodge had a wonderful charitable program. This lodge also brought its band to the convention. The band is popular and furnished fine entertainment. It was decided by the Association to hold two meetings a year. The Fall meeting for 1939 will take place at Columbia and the 1940 Spring meeting will be held at Excelsior Springs. The work of furnishing eye glasses to indigent children will be continued.

Among the distinguished guests in attendance at the convention besides those mentioned above were D.D.'s Joseph H. Glauber, St. Louis, and Henry C. Salveter, Sedalia; Past State Pres.'s Harry Garrison, Warrensburg, E. J. Martt, St. Louis, Otto Botz, Jefferson City, Dr. M. E. Gouge, Sedalia, Dwight Roberts, Kansas City, and J. H. Dickbrader, Washington; P.D.D. L. L. Des Combes, Warrensburg; Col. E. J. McMahon, St. Louis, Executive Di-

rector of the Elks National Convention; E.R.'s Jack P. Mason, St. Joseph, Dr. Paul V. Woolley, Excelsior Springs, Harry Limerick, Jr., Columbia, Dr. W. M. Stivison, Kansas City, and Charles Meyer, Washington; Secy. Foster L. Bennett, St. Louis; P.E.R. C. F. Krieger, Rich Hill, and Mayor Julian Bagby, Sedalia.

C. Lew Gallant of St. Louis Lodge was elected President for the ensuing year. The other new officers are as follows: Vice-Pres.'s: S.E., Dr. Carroll Smith, St. Louis; N.E., M. F. Thurston, Columbia; N.W., Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City; S.W., Lawrence Maher, Clinton; Secy., Ernest W. Baker, Washington; Treas., B. L. Ellis, Trenton; Trustees: Henry Salveter, Sedalia, J. H. Dickbrader, Washington, and the retiring President, Dr. Silsby.

KANSAS

The 34th Annual Convention of the Kansas State Elks Association was opened on Sunday morning, May 21, with an address of welcome by Mayor W. O. Myers, a member of the host lodge, Pittsburg No. 412. P.D.D. Stanley J. Shook of Topeka spoke in response. The Ritualistic Contest, held in the home of Pittsburg Lodge that afternoon, was won by Great Bend Lodge No. 1127, with

Pratt, Hutchinson and Topeka Lodges finishing in the order named.

A registered attendance of 259 Elks was shown, with an added registration of 106 ladies. The entertainment program included luncheons at the home on both days, a stag show on Sunday night, a banquet on Monday night followed by a show and a dance, a musicale and tea for the ladies on Sunday afternoon and a luncheon-bridge at the Elks Country Club on Monday.

All of the business sessions were held in the spacious hall of the lodge home. J. J. Hess, of El Dorado Lodge was elected President to succeed Fred D. Straley of Topeka, who served with great efficiency last year. Also elected and installed with Mr. Hess were the following officers: 1st Vice-Pres., Harry Cook, Independence; 2nd Vice-Pres., Forest Link, Pratt; 3rd Vice-Pres., H. F. Chandler, Atchison; Secy., Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend; Treas., J. H. Morton, Winfield; Trustees: Fred Toms, Newton, J. D. Dye, Ottawa, and F. W. Brinkerhoff, Pittsburg. The Association decided to establish a Speakers' Bureau for the State of Kansas. The purpose of the Bureau is to provide speakers from the Elk memberships for meetings

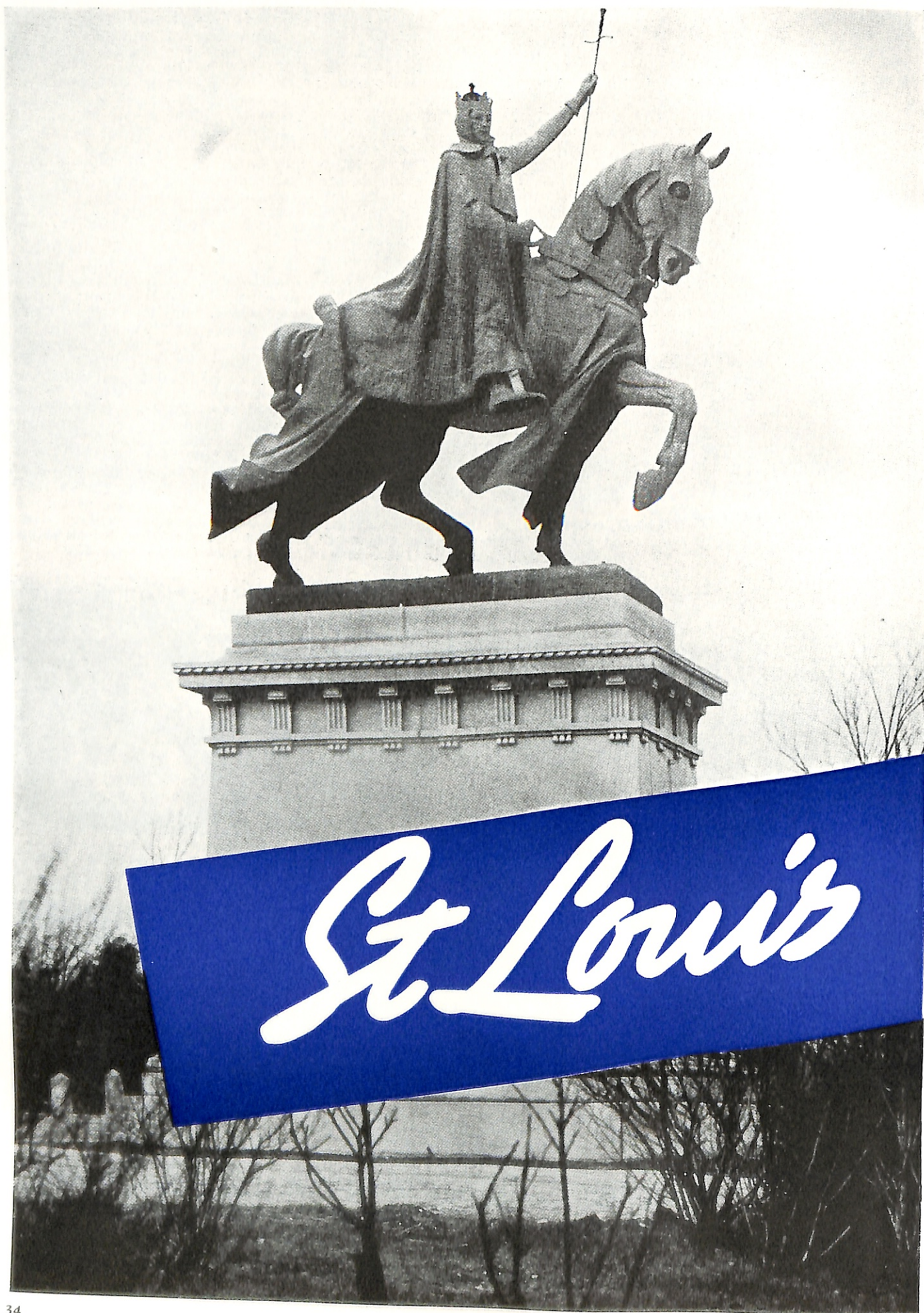
(Continued on page 45)



Above: Part of the group which attended the recent meeting of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Assn., at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland was present.



Above: Members of Bisbee, Ariz., Lodge who formed a motorcade to attend the Arizona State Elks Association Convention in Douglas.



AS Elks throughout the nation begin packing suitcases and scanning schedules and roadmaps for their trip to St. Louis, Mo., for the Seventy-fifth National Convention, last-minute reports indicate that the Executive Committee, headed by Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann, who is Past Exalted Ruler of St. Louis Lodge No. 9, has prepared a program of activity for the week of July 10 that will make the stay of the visitors an eventful and breathless one.

The meeting, keynoted by the inspiring theme of Americanism, will be held in the Municipal Auditorium, as will be the Purple and White Grand Ball.

A special big-league baseball game is slated for the visitors between the two St. Louis teams, the Cardinals and Browns, at Sportsman's Park, huge baseball arena. This should be the tops in baseball enjoyment, as the two clubs are traditional rivals and there's always a lot of sparkle on the baseball diamond when they meet.

Preceding the game, the drum and bugle corps, drill teams and bands from lodges throughout the nation will compete for prizes, and from a court of 200 of St. Louis' loveliest girls a queen for the Elks' court of beauty will be selected.

Another highlight of convention week will be a night

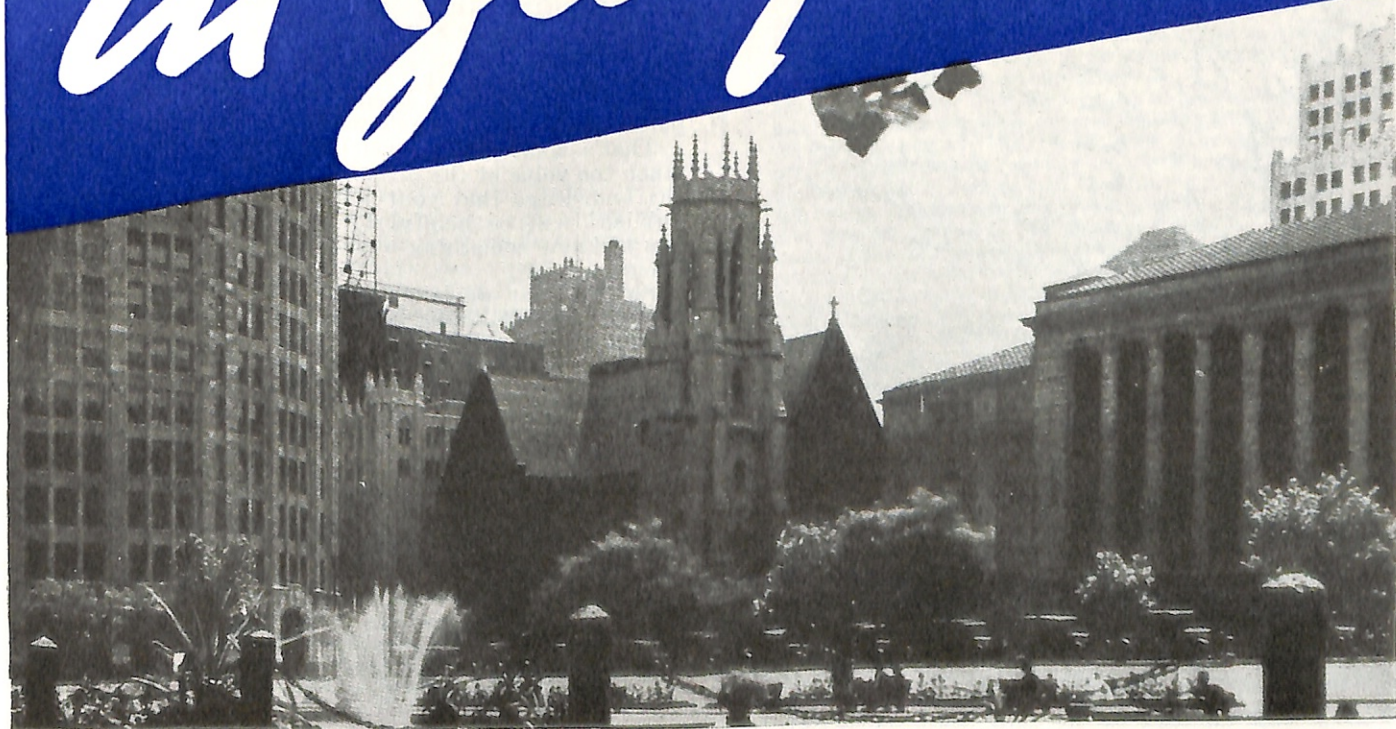
parade before the Grand Ball. St. Louis, home of the famed Veiled Prophet Parade, knows how to inject the true Southern note of color and gaiety that makes a parade a sparkling festival. The score of massive illuminated floats, all illustrating some phase of Americanism, and the colorful regalia of the marchers will provide a spectacle that visitors will remember for a long time.

Golf on the fine greens of St. Louis clubs, and trap and skeet shooting will be another appealing feature for many of the visitors.

A smash musical hit, "On Your Toes", will be playing at the famous Municipal Opera in Forest Park, a luxurious river steamer will be making excursion trips up and down the Mississippi, exciting midget auto races will be held at Walsh Stadium and St. Louis' many other attractions will be on tap—including open house at one of its famous breweries!

Col. E. J. McMahon, Executive Director of the Convention, reports that the city is waiting to be delivered into the hands of the Elks. "Every problem has been solved," reports Col. McMahon. "We've even found space on a hotel roof for the tepee of Chief Silver Cloud of the Shoshone Reservation, who insists that where he goes, his tepee must be, too!"

in July-





FREE VACATION TRAVEL

*Cunard White Star
"Carinthia" Cruise
Indian Ocean
Mch 30th*

Dear "Governor"

The enclosed item might be of interest to the readers of the Elks Magazine since it demonstrates the fact that Elks no matter where they may be, in the language of the Englishman "Carry On" but of less than 100 male passengers on board her on 11 of us. The left N. Y. Feb 11th I called on you but was told at your office that you were in Pillsbury

Best wishes & kind regards
Robby

A NIGHT WITH THE ELKS ABOARD THE S. S. CARINTHIA

The Benevolent Protective Order of Elks entertained all and sundry at their impromptu Night Club in the After Dining Room of the Cunard White Star Liner "Carinthia." That the party should be a success, with such a distinguished list of hosts in the names of Elks: Teddy Wharton, Max Elbe, F. M. Kenney, H. O. Wright, Milton Guldman, F. W. Hazard, Lawrence O'Keefe, William Cann, Arthur Eidelman, C. V. Hale and Dr. A. E. Boice, was a foregone conclusion; but, in addition, the most amusing entertainment was provided by various members of the ship's company of the Carinthia, who kindly obliged with individual turns. The "very informal party" lasted till the early hours.

REPRODUCED on this page is the letter which became the idea behind this new Contest—new, anyway, for *The Elks Magazine*.

Year after year thousands upon thousands of Elks and their families travel in this country and abroad for pleasure. When Daniel Starch went calling on large groups of Elks he found that 74.6% of you take summer vacations—that 22.1% of you take a vacation during the winter months. He found that 48.2% of you go to Canada; 14.7% to Europe. Elks travel the sea lanes to the West Indies, to Hawaii and the Orient. Mr. Wharton's letter from the Indian Ocean proves the large percentage of Elks who travel beyond the far horizons.

This year your Magazine wants to do something about travel. Many Elks ponder each spring the old questions, "Where to go" and "What to do". Each fall, and almost until Christmas-time, the winter-vacationing Elks' families turn these same problems over and over, looking for the answer.

Many of you visit new places every time you go away—many of you keep going back to the same old place because you haven't wanted to try a new spot.

That's what this Travel Contest is for. It's not so much the value of the prizes that should interest you, as the knowledge that your letters—many of which we'll publish—will be helpful to the Elks and their families to know something about the kind of new vacation places to visit.

So this year we launch our Travel Contest. For the best 61 LETTERS or STORIES of 300 words or less telling us about your most interesting vacation trip within the last two years—what you saw, how you traveled and where you went, *The Elks Magazine* will award prizes as follows:

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Bus—

Prize: A fully paid round-trip ticket for a Bus Trip Coast-to-Coast.

For the next-best Story of a Vacation Trip by Bus—

Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Bus Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Plane—

Prize: A fully paid return ticket for a Plane Trip to any place of your choice in the United States, providing, of course, that the place of your choice and the point you start from are served by a commercial air line.

For the second best Story of a Vacation Trip by Plane—

Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Plane Vacation Trip.

OFFERED BY THE **Elks** MAGAZINE IN THIS NEW TRAVEL CONTEST

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Train—

Prize: A fully paid first-class round-trip ticket with Pullman berth included, for a Train Trip to any place of your choice in the United States.

For the second best Story of a Vacation Trip by Train—

Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Train Vacation Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Automobile—

Prize: 500 Gallons (as you need it) of your favorite gasoline.

For the second best story of a Vacation Trip by Automobile—

Prize: Complete set of 4 new tires for your pleasure automobile—Your choice of any Grade A nationally advertised brand.

For the next best story of a Vacation Trip by Automobile—

Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Automobile Vacation Trip.

For the Best Story of a Vacation Trip by Steamship—

Prize: A round-trip ticket for a 6-day Cruise from New York to the West Indies or Bermuda.

For the next best Story of a Vacation Trip by Steamship—

Prize: The Luggage for your 1940 Steamship Trip.

For the next 50 best stories, regardless of classifications, the winners will receive a beautiful Big Game Fish Map in 8 colors, 3 feet by 3 feet in size, framed under glass. This map was created and designed by Joe Godfrey, Jr., well-known writer and national authority on fishing and hunting. It retails at \$25.

It isn't necessary that your entry be written in professional manner because literary genius and elaborateness of entries will not count. All we want is for you to tell us, in your own words, where you went, and what you did, for your vacation this year, and if you feel that your vacation of 1938 was more interesting than the one you have taken or will take, this year, tell us about that. Any vacation taken since January, 1938, can be included.

Here is an excellent opportunity for your sons and daughters to take part in a most fascinating contest because it is open to all ELKS and their families. For assistance in the preparation of your entry, there will be no objection if you consult travel folders and descriptive material about the places you have been to. Your entry, however, must not contain any material *copied* from these folders, but must be of your *own*, or the actual contestant's, original composition.

Take your vacation this summer and fall in any manner you choose—go wherever your plans take you, whether to the California Golden Gate Exposition or the New York World's Fair—to Hawaii or a short cruise to the West Indies. Whether you go fishing in Canada or the Gulf Stream—travel in your own car or by plane—

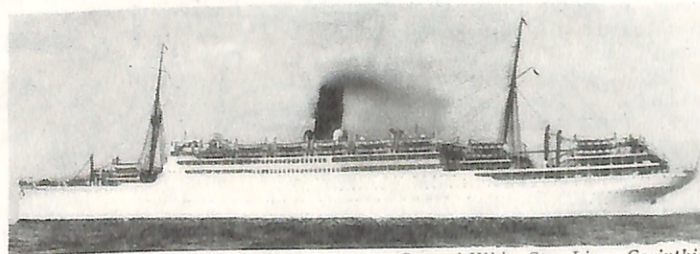
the half million *other* Elks and *their* families will like to hear of your experiences so that they might make plans to do similar things this winter and next summer.

The rules are very simple. Read them carefully, though, and plan to get your letter or story into our hands not later than October 15, 1939. We've purposely made the closing date a late one because many Elks don't get away for their vacations until after Labor Day.

Here's a *real* opportunity for you to give your Brother Elks the benefit of your travel experiences—and at the same time there's a nice award in store for the winners.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Your letter or story should be written around the subject: "Where I Spent My Most Interesting Vacation and What I Did." It should be told in 300 words or less.
2. You must state in which classification your entry is to be judged—that is, whether Bus, Train, Plane, Steamship or your own Automobile.
3. Use business size paper, 8½" x 11", and type your letter on one side of the sheet only. If not typed, it should be written neatly in ink without crowding.
4. Place in the upper right-hand corner of the first page, your name and full post office address together with your lodge number. If you are not an Elk state your relationship to an Elk which makes you eligible. The contest is open to all Elks and members of their families.
5. All entries will become the property of The Elks Magazine and may be printed in this Magazine, with or without the name of the contestant. No entries can be returned. The decision of the judges will be final and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Travel Contest Editor, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. They must reach us on or before October 15, 1939. You may send more than one entry, but only one prize will be awarded to each winning contestant.



Cunard White Star Liner Carinthia

Inside Track

(Continued from page 7)

a double dose of the darned things. Anyhow, he goes looking for the photographer and finds him back of the grandstand with a few gentlemen of the press.

Art points to the camera. Says, "Want to know how it feels to have one of those things flash in your face?"

The photographer doesn't realize that Art is sore. He grins and says, "I often wonder what it's like to be on the receiving end."

"Okay," says Art. And smashes him with a hard right to the nose.

A REPORTER who has been standing quietly in the shadows steps forward and plants himself in front of Art. "Nice work, Crane," he says. "You have given yourself the sweetest headache a crooked driver ever had."

"Nuts!" says Bill. Then his eyes narrow. "Who's crooked?"

"Come, come," says the reporter. "Who did you think you were fooling when you put on the mask? You furnished us with copy in a dull season, so we were kind to you."

"Hah-hah," says Art. "I don't get it."

The photographer has been helped to his feet by some of the other news men. The reporter glances at him and says, "That lad is the one who made the first Gray Ghost picture. Right now he is the world's ace cameraman. He has covered every meet in New England for the last two weeks. Including the outlaws. He has a lot of pictures of you."

The photographer's nose is a pulp, but he does not seem to feel it. He pushes into the conversation. "You never change your pose when you're behind the wheel, Crane," he says.

Somebody else adds, "Your Doctor Jekyll is too much like your Mr. Hyde, Mister Crane."

Art is bothered, but he doesn't let on to be. "Interesting," he says. "But it proves nothing."

"Oh," says the reporter. "Darned if I didn't forget to

mention it. In a couple of the pictures your mask slipped."

"Okay," says Art. "Print them and let's see what happens."

"I have a better idea," says the lad who has been punched. "Read the *Bridgetown Chronicle* in the morning."

At the hotel that night Art leaves an order for the paper to be sent up to his room as soon as it arrives in Fall Haven. He is more curious than worried. He can be ruled off the recognized tracks for appearing on the outlaws, but no authority can keep him from continuing as the Gray Ghost. And since the Association is already pleading with the Ghost to become a member, he is pretty sure that his masquerade will be forgiven.

In the morning he doesn't get to read the paper right away. He and Bill are awakened by the telephone. A call from the freight office. The new midget has arrived from Chicago.

They don't even stop for breakfast. Out of the garage comes the speed truck for its maiden trip. Gleaming in the morning sunlight, gold letters on the bright red enamel, *Art Crane, Racing Team*.

Barehanded, they break open the bulky crate on the freight platform. A crowd gathers, waits expectantly.

And the little car is worth waiting for. It is the first of the Dekker Super-Specials that are now the standard in midget racing. Streamlined, chromium trimmed, polished like a fire-chief's sedan. Cushions

of real, honest to gosh red leather.

"Gee!" says Bill. "An instrument board. And knee action!" He bends over, unstraps the hood. "Look, Art," he says. "Look at the carburetor. Twin jets. Just like the big jobs."

Art says, "She ought to be good. You could buy a new Caddy with solid gold door handles for what she cost. Let's take her down to the track and see what she can do."

Ten o'clock at the Fall Haven Stadium. Bill perched on the crash fence. The little car roaring around the fifth-of-a-mile macadam track. Fifty miles an hour. Sixty. Sixty-five.

Art slows on the straightaway, braking as he heads toward Bill. He kills the motor and the tires screech to a stop.

He can't keep the grin off his face. "She's got it, Bill. She is certainly put together," he says. "Let's load her into her boudoir now and get some breakfast."

"Art," says Bill, "could I—" his voice dies away.

And Art climbs out smiling. "Sure, sonny boy," he says. "Take her around a couple of times. But watch out how you push the old gas pedal down. When that second jet cuts in she just about leaves the ground."

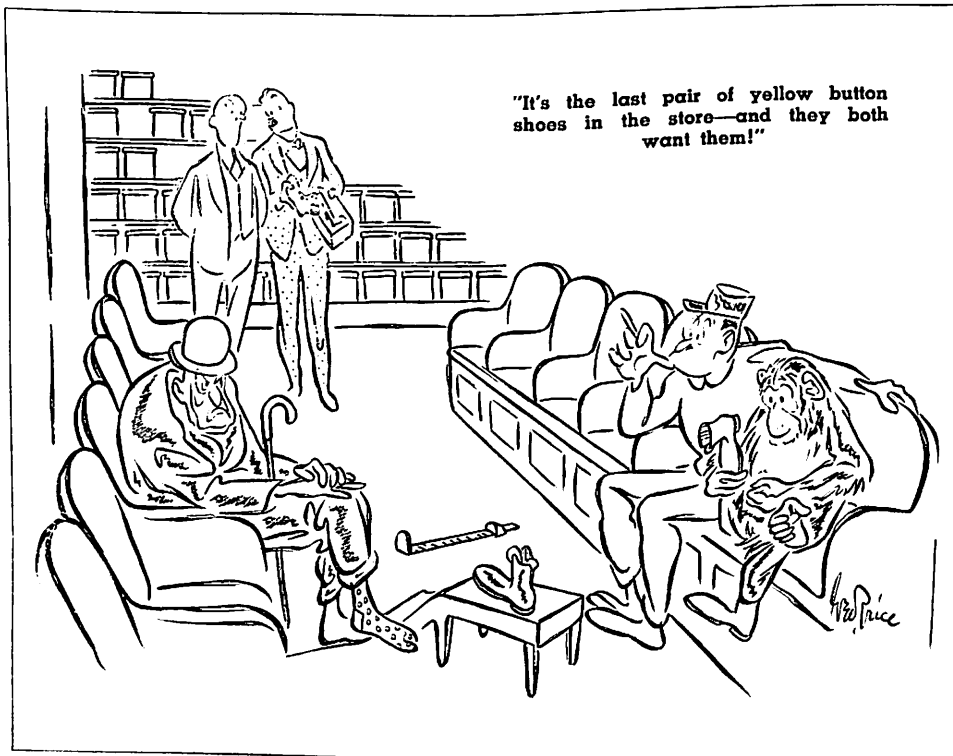
Bill rolls sedately. Gets the feel of the car on the back stretch.

There are no holes in this track. He is doing all of thirty miles an hour when he hits the straightaway. Panic seizes him as the crash fence looms. He cuts the motor and slithers sideways down into the infield.

"Well," Art calls, "what do you think of her?"

"Nice," says Bill solemnly. "But not for me."

They are having coffee and rolls in a downtown beanery when Art remembers the photographer's threat. He dashes out for a paper, comes back looking very serious. He lays the sports page on the counter for Bill to read. Across the top is a double line of letters an inch-and-a-half high: "GRAY GHOST CHALLENGES RED CRANE."



George Price

"I should have broken his neck," Art says. "The louse!"

"Who?" Bill asks, raising his eyes from the paper.

"The guy that did that," says Art. He points to the headline. "Putting me on the spot," he says.

"Oh," says Bill. "The headline." He reads it for the first time. "Gosh!" he says. He stares at Art. "What are we going to do?"

Art eyes him for a moment, his mouth grim. Then a slow smile spreads across his face. "I think I know," he says. "I think we will make a lot of money."

"But, Art," Bill says. "A match race—you can't race with yourself."

Art chuckles. He sits on the stool next to Bill, puts a hand on his shoulder. "You and me, sonny boy. You are the Gray Ghost, don't forget."

Bill pulls away, shakes his head. "No," he says. "Not in a million years."

"Now, wait," says Art, catching hold of his sleeve. "Wait till I tell you. Just now you drove the new Dekker. You can drive it in a match race."

"Not in any race," says Bill. "Not ever in a race."

Art pats him reassuringly. "It won't be a race. It will only look like one. There won't be anybody in it but you and me. All you will do is drive. I'll take care of the fireworks."

Bill continues to shake his head.

Art says, "Listen, Bill. Haven't I split with you?"

"Yes," says Bill, "but—"

"You want me to lose my standing in the Association?"

"No," says Bill. "But, gosh, Art, I—"

"All this fun we been having together?"

"Well—" Bill says.

And Art slaps his knee. "Boy!" he says. "Another angle. We tell the papers that this is a grudge fight. On account of your being my mechanic. So it means more to us than money, and we are going to bet each other. The one that loses is never going to race again."

Bill's forehead wrinkles. There are too many ideas and they are coming too fast. "How much are we going to bet?" he says.

"Not money, Bill," Art says. "I am going to bet you that I will win. If I don't, then I will give up racing."

"But you can't lose," Bill says. He shakes his head. "This has me down, Art. We race, but we don't race. We bet, but we don't bet. I'm all mixed up."

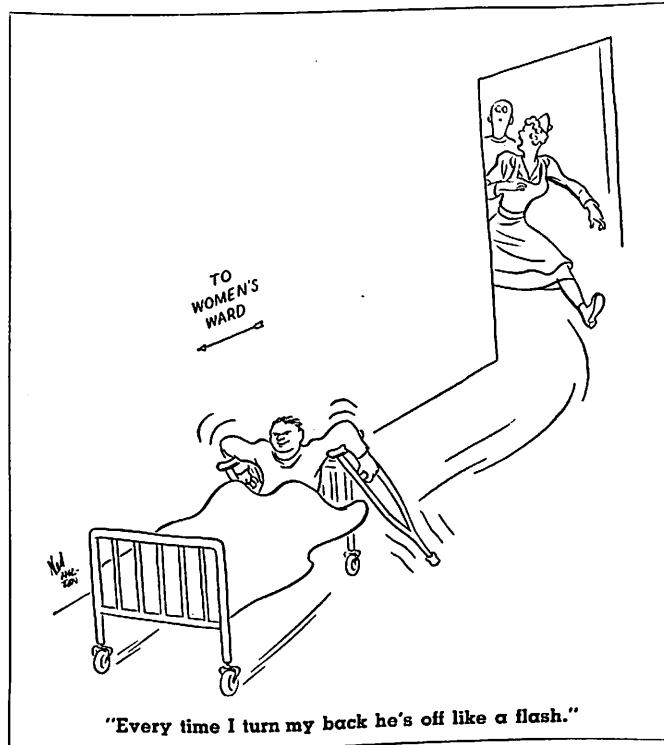
Art takes a deep breath, but he doesn't lose his patience. "Now, get this," he says. "All you have to do is drive around a track for twenty laps."

"A smooth one," Bill says. "Fall Haven."

"So we will make it Fall Haven," says Art. "Yes. Twenty laps. And the Gray Ghost will lose and will never race again. Get it?"

"Sure, I get it," Bill says, smiling for the first time. "No more Gray Ghost. Gosh, Art. That's pretty smart."

"Okay," says Art. "And from now



Ned Hilton

on keep your mouth shut. Don't talk to anybody. Refer them to me."

IT IS seldom that sports writers get a chance to use their jargon in automobile racing. This match race opens the flood-gates. Out pour the old familiar phrases: struggle of Titans—battle of the century—grudge-fight.

The boys begin to receive fan mail. At first only a few letters a day, then more and more as the newspapers spread the story.

The Gray Ghost is swamped. Requests for photographs. Proposals of marriage. Sure-thing investments.

Then the telegrams. Race promoters all the way to the Pacific Coast offer their tracks. Promise one, two, three thousand dollars.

Art toys with the biggest offer, but eventually turns it down. It would mean traveling half-way across the continent and there isn't time. He has to give Bill some training. Teach him a few tricks so that the show will satisfy the customers.

The papers clamor for a date to be set, a place to be selected. Art realizes that he must decide before the public loses interest.

He chooses Fall Haven. The Racing Commission practically kisses him. Gives him everything he asks for. Fifty percent of the gate to the winner; ten percent to the loser.

Minimum price for seats, a dollar—ten—and the Fall Haven Stadium can hold seven thousand spectators.

Everything goes smoothly except Bill's driving. Art has him out every morning—increasingly early as the local people begin to snoop around—but Bill gets no better. Art threatens, pleads. No go. Something in Bill's make-up cringes even at the thought of speed.

The morning of the day before the race, Art says, "You go forty miles an hour in the Caddy. What's the difference?"

"I don't know, Art," Bill says sadly. "Maybe it's the wind on my face. Or the noise. Or being so close to the ground. I'm sorry, Art. We better call the whole thing off."

Art's eyes narrowed. He says nothing for a long time. Just looks at Bill. Then he shakes his head. "No, sonny boy," he says quietly. "We'll go through with it." The worried expression intensifies on Bill's face. Art pats him on the shoulder. Says, "Forget it. Trouble is, we been worrying too much. What we need is a day off."

They go to New York. Anything Bill wants is his. A tour of Radio City. A girly-show matinee. The Newsreel Theatre in the late afternoon. Dinner at Dempsey's. A taxi dance-hall for an hour, another

girly-show, a night club.

Bill forgets his troubles.

They take the three-forty A. M. train back to Fall Haven and sleep until late afternoon. Bill is still snoring when Art climbs into his clothes and goes to the garage where he keeps his cars. He works over the new midget.

Not for long. What he does is very simple. First he runs a jumper wire across the ignition switch terminals so that the magneto cannot be shut off. The motor, once it is started, will run until the fuel in the tank is exhausted. Next he gives his attention to the carburetor. It has twin jets, one for speeds up to twenty-five or thereabouts, then the other one cuts in.

Art loosens the set-screw on the high-speed control.

Bill will start the race all right. He will circle the track a couple of times in the warm-up. Then the flag will drop and he will gun a little. The control will open, and stay open; and the Dekker has no clutch, no transmission. When the motor is pulling, the car cannot be stopped.

Bill will have to drive in spite of himself.

Art is certain Bill will crash and that the Dekker will be ruined. But Art can afford to lose the Dekker.

And Bill—well, Art has thought about Bill; that Bill may be injured,

perhaps killed. Art has thought of little else for twenty-four hours.

But there isn't any other way out. Art is envisioning the day when he will be tops in the automobile game. When the whole industry will look up to him and bow low before his opinions.

Red Art Crane, the speed king.

And Red Art Crane must not be haunted by the Gray Ghost. His record must be clear.

Bill's death in a spectacular crash will spike the reporters' guns. Let them hint at what has taken place. Let them print photographs of masked figures. The public will have seen Bill die in the mask and will be satisfied.

So Art goes back to the hotel and wakes Bill. And together they have breakfast, dinner and supper, rolled into one.

Together they drive to the stadium. The regular racing card is run off. Finally the two little red cars, the shiny one and the battered one, swing out of the pits and circle the track.

The crowd is puzzled at first because there are two red cars.

Then they see Bill in the gray mask and roar their welcome. The Bridgetown fans have a whole section in the grandstand. In unison, like a college cheering squad, they chant, "Gray Ghost, Gray Ghost, Gray Ghost."

Twice around the track the midgets roll. The green flag flutters.

Art pulls away. Bill sets himself, grips the steering wheel so hard his knuckles turn white. He steps down on the gas pedal.

The little car shoots forward like a rocket, blue flame spitting from the exhaust.

Six hundred pounds that midget weighs, and most of it is motor. Enough motor to push a two-ton truck.

Bill grabs the brake. Yanks will all his strength.

He might as well try to stop by lassoing the grandstand. Brakes on racing cars merely assist; the compression of the throttled motor does the work.

Ahead of Bill is the crash fence and the south turn. The car is driving straight for it at fifty miles an hour. Beyond thinking, Bill acts. He is, after all, an expert mechanic.

Projecting through a hole in the hood is the carburetor air intake. He leans forward, slaps his hand over the pipe. Chokes the motor.

It coughs. The midget slows.

But the crash fence is towering above him ten feet away. Five feet. Frantically he twists the wheel.

The car lurches. The crowd gasps. No midget has ever hit a turn at that speed without looping.

But this is a new Dekker, its front end designed for just such crazy tricks. The right wheel automatically knees out. The car drops level.

The jar throws Bill sideways in his safety belt. His hand slips from the carburetor. Once more the motor winds out all the way. Bill gets both hands back on the steering wheel—and is suddenly on the straightaway.

It takes a long while to tell it, but the whole thing happens in a fraction of a second. Art is only passing the half-way mark on the back stretch. Bill roars by him at better than sixty miles an hour. Screaming at the top of his lungs, "Oh, God! Art! Help, Art!"

And the north turn is ahead. Again the grab for the carburetor, the lurch, the whining motor. The moment's respite on the straightaway.

On a longer track Bill might have brought the car to a halt. But this one is standard midget length, a fifth of a mile. The straightaways are only long enough for him to get the car under control. Then he is facing another turn.

And Art—well, even if his midget were new it couldn't catch the Super-Dekker wide open. Not only that. Art is driving and Bill isn't. Bill is fighting for his life.

On his fifth time around he roars up behind Art, who is still on his fourth lap. Art hugs the fence, gives him plenty of room. Bill passes him right in front of the grandstand.

Six laps. Seven. Eight.

BILL grows calmer. In his mind he has already died on every turn. Eight laps—sixteen deaths. He has lived with death so long it ceases to bother him.

More laps go by. He doesn't think of them. Life for him is a succession of motions that have become mechanical.

Grab the air intake. Twist the

wheel. Grab the air intake. Twist the wheel.

He is conscious of the blurred faces, the cheering.

The nineteenth lap. He passes Art again. For the first time, so far as he knows. The others happened when his brain was a lump of ice. When he was staring death in the face.

The checkered flag flutters over his head. He begins to laugh. Crazy, he thinks. Flagging me down. The starter's arm will be sore before he is through with that flag.

He wonders how much gas is left.

And he is alone on the track. Art is out of his car in the infield. He is standing bleak-eyed beside the starter, who has grabbed the black flag and is swearing.

Swearing and waving the flag and swearing some more.

"He'll kill himself, the crazy fool! What's he trying to do?"

The timer rushes from the officials' booth. "Leave the boy alone," he shouts. "This is his first chance at a decent track. He's breaking records. He's averaging better than sixty-three miles an hour!" The timer slaps Art on the back. "Cheer up, Crane," he says. "That guy is a ghost. He's already bettered the thirty-lap record—your record—by twelve miles an hour. Nobody human could do that."

Forty laps. Fifty laps. The fifty-first.

On the back stretch the motor sputters, dies. The midget halts with a jerk at the north turn.

Bill unbuckles his safety belt, pushes himself out of the seat. His legs are like rubber as he starts across the infield.

The fans leap the barriers and crowd around him. They slap him on the back. Flashlights flare. Somebody shakes his hand. "Mr. Barker, I represent the New England Tobacco Corporation. We—" Somebody else shouts, "Microphone . . . by the starter's booth . . . few words to the radio audience. . . ."

The voices babble all around him.

He plods steadily along through the soft grass. He comes to the starter's flag rack where Art is still standing.

"Art," he says. "Something went wrong with the gas pedal."

Art just looks at him.

Manhattan Go-Round

(Continued from page 13)

with more than ordinary seriousness have been known to walk blocks out of their way to avoid passing a museum for fear of being uplifted by some work of art as it was carried in or out. They'd rather not take chances with that sort of thing.

When Rockefeller Center was being built and fearful stories were recounted in the press regarding the beauty and grandeur of the buildings and the interesting things inside them, many a New Yorker spent worrisome nights trying to figure

out how to avoid a project as big as that. It took months to catch on to the fact that the whole shooting match was merely another real estate development. Then, of course, he walked right up to it and spit.

Naturally, in a city of seven mil-

lion people, there are a few who aren't typical. They go about looking at things just as if they didn't live in New York. However, the more upstanding of these renegades usually have the decency to buy cameras and disguise themselves as tourists so people from out-of-town will not know they are natives.

No real New Yorker has ever been to Grant's Tomb, Columbia University, the Statue of Liberty, any museum (God forbid), to the top of the Empire State Building or on a guided tour around Rockefeller Center. And the more people say to him, "Oh, I don't see how you can live here and not see all those wonderful things", the less likely is he to succumb.

There are one or two institutions he has visited, however, and the country cousin would do well to follow in his footsteps. He has been to the Radio City Music Hall to sit drooling with delight while he watched the Rockettes, the best-drilled chorus in the world, go through its paces. The synchronization of that bevy of thirty-six gorgeous creatures has never been matched. Their act is brief but it's the most consistently thrilling bit in the theatre today. It is one thing the Chinese didn't discover first.

The Manhattanite has also been to see "Tobacco Road". Probably he went as a little boy. There are two steady jobs in the United States—one is an appointment to the Supreme Court, the other is a part in "Tobacco Road". This play has ceased to be a part of the theatre. It is now an institution—sort of a tableau of perpetual motion wired for sound. Nobody really knows how it came about. New York just woke up one morning and there was "Tobacco Road". And there it's been ever since.

Unless you are a specialist in churches, there are only two in New York of particular interest. One is St. Patrick's, the other is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The latter has been in the process of building since 1892. By now it's really something.

More interesting to most people than buildings are ocean liners and it might be well to remember that it will be possible to see either the glamorous *Normandie* or the record-holding *Queen Mary* at some time during every week until late fall.

Go to the dock on sailing day about two hours before the boat is scheduled to leave. Anyone may go on board. The ten-cent fee goes to a seamen's fund.

Get off when warned a half-hour before sailing and find a place on the pier where you get an unobstructed view of the ship sailing. There'll be others there with you—about five thousand others, as a

spaghetti and discuss art. They meet in a modern chromium-plated cafeteria and sip coffee and discuss international politics.

The Village does have Jimmy Kelly's, though. Kelly's is the most raucous of the early morning spots and puts on a show that would make a burlesque queen blush with shame—but that, while informative, is hardly educational. . . .

New York's public buildings are nothing much. In fact, they had best be avoided by those who are sensitive to architecture. The radio stations are interesting and the National Broadcasting Company definitely encourages the out-of-town trade by putting on a special tour of which watching a studio performance is a special feature. Don't expect to meet Fred Allen, though. You'll see, from behind glass, a few people working before a microphone. They will be broadcasting.

If you want to experience the thrill of New York's skyline as seen by those who return from a trip abroad, you don't



"Pop didn't want to come, but you know Mom."

Paul Sharp

matter of fact. But it will be worth getting stepped on a couple of times to see. Watching one of the big liners back into midstream and then start off to Europe is a sight you'll never forget. If you have a real affection for boats you'll want to see others, but then you'll know what they are and where to find them.

If you wander around Times Square very much this summer you will be constantly exhorted to buy tickets on a sightseeing bus that "leaves in ten minutes" for Chinatown or Coney Island. Three or four stolid-faced citizens will be seated in the bus as if they were permanent fixtures. To a certain extent they are. They are decoys and a part of the sales promotion. They get out when the bus is about full. You may want to go to Chinatown in a bus but don't ever believe that it will leave in ten minutes unless it is already pulling away. If you must go to Coney Island, go by boat.

Greenwich Village is still a charming section of New York but it is no longer the center for artists and writers that it was twenty years ago. A few night clubs cater to tourists, and romantic youngsters from out of town go there to live, but such intelligentsia as there is left doesn't meet in cellars and sip wine or eat

have to go to Europe to do it. You can get a pretty good impression by going to see the Statue of Liberty; you get an even better one at less cost by taking the ferry to Staten Island and back. Round trip: 10c. It takes an hour, and a camera enthusiast can use up a couple of rolls of film to good advantage. While you are in that vicinity walk up to Wall Street, if possible on a week-day. If you want to see the inside of the stock exchange it would be advisable to get a letter of introduction to the right people from your local broker. The last educational feature on the list might be the George Washington Bridge. There isn't much choice between the night and day views. If you go for that sort of thing, do both.

Having fun in New York, as everywhere else, depends on what you call fun. To the native it means, if you'll pardon the expression, raising hell. It doesn't mean going to the movies and then going home. It doesn't mean playing bridge until 1 A.M. and then spending the next couple of hours reliving the horror of the hands. The New Yorker doesn't mind bridge and he doesn't mind the movies. He is not only broadminded but tolerant. But when you pin him right down to the facts he admits flatly that to him the word fun is

synonymous with the words—or expression, volume, saga, era, age or whatever it is—night club. The two, night clubs and fun, are woven inseparably in his consciousness like the devil and damnation, Heaven and harps, Leon and Eddie, Lamour and sarongs, Potash and Perlmutter, Gypsy Rose Lee and strip tease, toast and coffee. You get it?

But don't get the idea that the native thinks of a night club in the singular number. Not at all. When he thinks night club he thinks plural, just as when he thinks fun, his mind runs immediately to such descriptive adverbs as much and many. Consequently if you're going to navigate in heavy weather at all, an evening's cruising must, until it becomes a fixed habit of routine, be given some thought and planning. It isn't just a case of picking out a place and staying there until you are put out or carried out. You've got to be on your toes, ready to sail with the tide.

THE easiest way—if you want to emulate the New Yorker, and who doesn't?—is to sit down in the cold sobriety of mid-afternoon and write the names of at least four night clubs on separate pieces of paper. Put the slips in the vest pocket of your evening clothes and then as you leave each place hand a new slip to the cab driver and tell him emphatically, "There". That will get you around.

There are a lot of night clubs in New York. Most of them are on the level and aim to give value for your money. They may water the drinks a little—in fact many of them do—but that acts as more of a protection for the customer than it seems to. The gyp joints, though, aren't so good. Even sophisticated out-of-towners have been known to get into them and be taken to the cleaners in a big way. Not just for the cash they have in their wallets—that's usually small change. They've been taken for checks on the home town bank—checks that were cashed and paid without a murmur of protest.

There are a couple of good rules to follow. One is, don't go to Harlem after dark. There is nothing up there for a stranger and there are very few natives who know their way around sufficiently to get by. Ninety percent of the district is as harmless as your own backyard but the other ten percent is dynamite.

Don't ask, and don't take, recommendations from a taxi driver about places to go for a whoopee time. If you must ask somebody, ask the bell captain of your hotel. The taxi driver will know places where you can find anything you're looking for and more. It's that "more" you need to be afraid of.

If you're fool enough to listen to sidewalk touts who "know a place where there's lotsa girls", and there are plenty who do, then you deserve to be bitten. But the really dangerous boy to watch out for is the stranger who seems to be as well oiled as you are yourself and suggests a place he knows about. Nine times out of ten he will be a phoney. The real New Yorker is one of the most reticent people in the world. He can live right next door to a man for twenty years and never speak to him. He isn't the sort of person who sidles up to you in a night club or a bar and gets chummy all of a sudden. Even in his moderately expansive moods he is unlikely to be anything more than temporarily enamoured of the blonde across the room. So beware, sailor, beware!

Cover charges aren't as prevalent in New York as they used to be. A few of the swankier places still have them but most of the others have adopted the minimum charge, usually of a dollar or a dollar and a half. This is fair enough, as it prevents deadbeats from staying all night for the price of a coca-cola.

Tops of its kind among the night clubs is the Rainbow Room on the 65th floor of the RCA Building in the Rockefeller Center. It is one of the most beautiful and most popular rooms in New York, not only ultra smart but the added attraction of

the unparalleled view on a clear night makes a visit there an event, even for New Yorkers. On the same floor and less expensive, as well as informal, is the Rainbow Grill. El Morocco after 11:30 at night is on a par with the Colony Restaurant for lunch. Hangers-on in café society think they have to put in an appearance there every evening in order to stay in the race.

New York's smallest night club is the Monkey Bar at the Elysée. The most popular is without doubt the Stork Club, where Walter Winchell can often be seen picking up tidbits for his column.

Night clubs are vaporous, offering a chance for huge profits and dismal failures. Many of them appear today and are gone tomorrow, leaving their slightly wistful financiers the wiser for the experience. Even the good ones are apt to close unceremoniously. A varied assortment of those that have been operating for a year or more and are definitely on the right side are: Coq Rouge, La Rue, Le Mirage, Casa Cubanna, Club Gaucho, Kit Kat Club, Leon and Eddie's, American Music Hall (Chez Firehouse), El Chico, La Conga, Onyx Club, Casa Mañana, Cotton Club, Versailles. All the hotels have night clubs of a sort, some of them excellent. But to the regulars on the Manhattan Go-Round they are not real night clubs. They have good entertainment, swell decorations, are absolutely on the level, but being in hotels—well, somehow they seem commercial.

THE old expatriate finished his last drink and put down the empty glass with an air of finality.

"Now," he admonished sternly, "don't get the impression I'm against Mr. Whalen's Fair. It's a wonderful thing. Wonderful! But if we New Yorkers want to see a Fair, we'll just go to San Francisco. Why, do you know where Flushing Meadows is?" He straightened up indignantly. "Why dammitall man, that's way to hellangone out on Long Island!"

Polo, Ponies and Pelf

(Continued from page 9)

housing, feeding and clothing a middle-class family of eight people. In short, the man who wants to play polo in the grand manner must have \$25,000 a year for which he has no better use at the moment.

Polo can be played for little more than it costs for a season of golf at a good country club. There are about seventy-five official polo clubs in the United States and somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,000 players. But the overwhelming majority plays bush-league, wrong-side-of-the-tracks polo. They rent horses, trick themselves out in pick-up costumes, use

make-shift equipment. They have a time for themselves and probably derive just as much fun as the snooty Long Island set. But the point is that not more than forty people in the United States can afford to play polo as it should be played. And practically every one of the forty is closely related to one of America's sixty families.

All this smacks of a dirty shame, for polo is one of the better games in the sports curriculum and could be enormously popular with the great unwashed if there were not such a definite barrier of class-conscious-

ness surrounding it. The object of the game is obvious and requires no deep technical knowledge. Four men mounted on swift, agile ponies try to ride through or over four other guys and knock a willow ball through goal-posts 300 yards apart at opposite ends of the field. That's all there is to it and there is not too much hocus-pocus, such as obscure fouls and mysterious mass plays, to confuse the customers.

Virtually every attractive element found in other games is emphasized in polo. The long, powerhouse hitting so dear to the heart of the baseball

fan can be seen when Hitchcock or Smith leans from the back of a straining pony and wallops the ball, sweetly and truly, down the field for 150 yards. Shocking, crashing physical contact, featured in football, is abundant, for something must go when a pony and rider, weighing half a ton, collide with more of same at thirty miles an hour. There is pretty passing and team-work reminiscent of hockey and basketball and the wide expanse of the playing area affords ample room for straightaway, blood-and-thunder races.

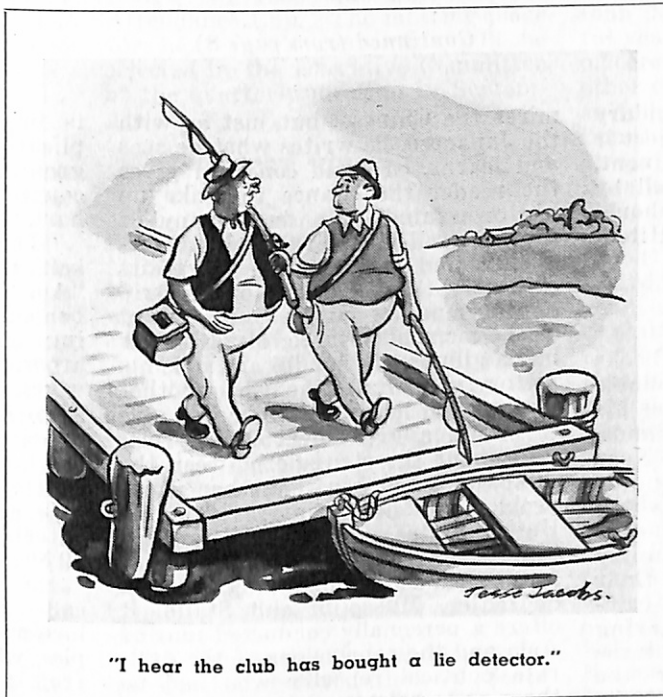
Close, well-balanced matches can be arranged with the greatest of ease through an ingenious system of rating players. The U. S. Polo Association assigns a rating to every registered player in the country, giving handicaps ranging up to ten goals, which represents the peak of perfection. Ten-goal players are so rare that four comprised an international team for the first time in history last month when America's Tommy Hitchcock, Cecil Smith, Stew Iglehart and Mike Phipps rode against the English for the Westchester Cup, won eight times in eleven by America.

International matches are contested from scratch, of course, but in tournament play, competition is evened up effectively by taking into consideration the ratings of the players involved. If a team, for example, enlists two ten-goal men and two eight-goalers, it has a rating of thirty-six goals. When that team meets a foursome comprising seven-goal players, the weaker team starts with a lead of eight goals. This handicap is derived by subtracting the difference in national ratings of the teams—28 from 36. It is possible under this arrangement for a team of dubs, rated at one goal each, to give the 1939 internationalists a whale of a battle. The dubs would have a flying start of thirty-six goals; the Big Four undoubtedly would overcome the tremendous handicap, but it would take a lot of doing.

Although family and fortune invariably and inevitably determine exactly how far a player can go, polo is the one game in the whole, wide world which makes no silly distinction between amateurs and professionals. Gerald Balding, an English internationalist for years, teaches polo at Rumson, N. J. Eric Tyrell-Martin, another member of the English team, is the manager of a polo club at Del Monte, Cal. In any other sport, these two men who make their living from the game would not be permitted to mingle on terms of equality with the little tough guys in society who never have had to do

a day's work to keep body and soul together, but there was no question of their eligibility to play for the Westchester Cup.

In fact, every international team which has come to the United States in the last decade has had the very crass and commercial purpose of realizing a tidy profit from the expedition by selling its horses. Many wealthy Americans seek pedigreed mounts of foreign stock with the same zeal they exhibit in trying to



play good polo at the same time. Every one of polo's first families has either inherited or married a hatful of money, mostly in bills of a large, coarse denomination.

The only commoners who have ever crashed the Long Island hierarchy and forced the blue-bloods to make places for them on the international team are Eric Pedley and Cecil Smith, who was born in Llano, Texas, thirty-four years ago, the son of a cattle man in moderate circumstances. Smith's early training in roping steers—he won prizes in rodeos—has made him the most accurate shot in polo today. He also is the most vigorous and daring horseman in the business. The very excellence and exuberance of Smith's polo has made him one of the sixteen ten-goal players in the history of the United States. The patricians simply had to ignore his social background, or lack of it.

Emboldened by the rise of Smith and Rube Williams, another Texas cowboy, the flourishing polo colony in California tried to break the domination exerted by the East in polo affairs six years ago. A series of East-West matches was played at Onwentsia, in Chicago, in 1933 and the carnage was terrific. Hitchcock and Smith suffered brain concussions and Williams was dragged out of

get a titled husband for their daughters and our sporting cousins from across the seas have learned to capitalize handsomely on the glamour of importations. An Argentine team began the practice of unloading foreign ponies on the American market in 1922 and South American mounts became so popular that the Argentines sold forty-two horses for \$276,000 after the matches of 1928. Stephen (Laddie) Sanford paid \$22,500 for Jupiter, still the record price for one pony. The English team which played at Westbury last month made no bones about the fact that it had to sell \$30,000 worth of horses to pay for the expense of the trip.

Different times, different manners, but polo's hierarchy continues to rule the affairs of the game with an iron hand. Ever since 1876, when James Gordon Bennett, the eccentric New York newspaper publisher, imported polo into the United States from England—which in turn had brought it from India, where the game goes back 2,000 years—polo has been the adopted darling of the very rich and very horsey Long Island set. Money and leisure always have been prerequisites for playing the game seriously and always will be—money to buy good ponies, and leisure to devote long hours of practice to achieve perfection. A gentleman really can't be cluttered up with business and

the arena with assorted broken bones. The West, by winning the three-game series, proved Long Island held no monopoly on high-goal polo, but nothing came of it. The West won the game but the East retained its money, horses and prestige in the inner sanctum of the Polo Association.

At that, great concessions have been made recently to the rising masses. Your old chum, the man in the street, is not encouraged to break mallets over the heads of untitled American aristocracy, but he is permitted to watch good, high-goal polo at baseball prices. Pete Bostwick, the gentleman jockey and a charter member of the Long Island hierarchy, scandalized his set by staging tournaments on his private field for an admission price of four bits and advertising his shows on billboards. The public came a-running and last year Meadow Brook, the site of the international matches, threw open its gates to the fifty-cent mob. The loud whirring noises heard were believed at first to have been the sound of the polo patricians revolving in their graves. Further investigation proved the noises were made by clicking turnstiles. A crowd in excess of 36,000 saw the final match in the Open Championship last year. The old guard promptly forgot its nostalgia for the dear, dead days

of Republican prosperity and polo played in comparative privacy.

The lack of good, inexpensive ponies is the chief problem which confronts all aspiring poloists except the favored forty who will never miss the \$25,000 annual tab. Five years ago Louis E. Stoddard, then in

his thirteenth year as chairman of the Polo Association, announced the formation of the U. S. Polo Pony Association, whose ostensible purpose was to make well-trained horses available to one and all. The bright idea died aborning, though, and probably for all time. Not practical.

Those who are in a position to give polo to the masses cannot be expected to bother their distinguished heads about the improvement of native ponies as long as they have the necessary folding money to go out and buy a well-trained foreign mount whenever the spirit moves them.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

period, if not a shift to a secondary position. But Major Eliot's object is defense of the American continent, which he sees protected so well by nature that with our efforts it should be impregnable. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$1.75)

Traveler

What makes John Gunther's books about foreign countries so readable is the zest with which he pursues his investigations into strange lands. Whether in Europe or Asia, the Near East or the Far East, he is never the tired recorder but always the enthusiastic traveler, eager to discover what makes Japan, a country of people who hate to leave their homeland, embark on great campaigns of conquest; earnestly trying to weigh the chances of Chinese success and the reasons for the temporizing of the British and the anxiety of the Dutch. It is the Far East that he unfolds for us in "Inside Asia", and just as his first book, "Inside Europe", was built around the ambitions of Germany and the upsurge of nationalism in Europe, so this new book is built up around the imperialistic ambitions of Japan and their effect on China, India, Java, Singapore and Hong Kong.

What happens when nations go berserk? John Gunther recites the whole story of Japanese intrigue on the mainland, and then describes the cleanliness and orderliness of Japanese life at home, and the extraordinary ability of the nation to manufacture excellent goods cheaper than its competitors. He tells about the "guinea pigs of Manchukuo", and the extent of Japan's huge investment there; he describes the Russian frontier, the Philippines and the vast defenses of Singapore, but it is obvious that his real interest lies in China. The various generals catch his eye; the famous Soong family merits his approval and admiration; Chiang Kai-shek is to him the strongest Chinese individual since the third century B. C., when the Great Wall was built. He tells much of the incredible battle of the weak and badly armed Chinese against the Japanese war machine, resistance so strong that today the war is a complete stalemate. No doubt he ad-

mires the Chinese, but just as with the Japanese, he writes what he sees and learns, pro and con, and gives the reader the chance to make up his own mind. He finds many of the war leaders bizarre and extraordinary, and he paints the portraits of dozens that he meets on his trip of thousands of miles. India is not at the moment on fire. Mr. Gunther had a glimpse of Gandhi and tells his history, but Palestine was another matter, and here the author was able to obtain a great deal of information about the struggle between the Arabs and the Jews, another world problem of acute interest to the United States. While the new book, "Inside Asia", deals with fewer figures of the commanding interest of Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, it offers a personally conducted tour of Asia and the conclusions of the first-rate political reporter who had no theories to bolster with evidence and nothing to hide. (Harper & Bros. \$3.50)

Novels of the Hour

Events reported by the newspapers are so fantastic these days that the novelist has a hard time inventing stories that compete with life. That may be one reason why he falls back on other ages, as Clifford Dowdey does in "Gamble's Hundred". This is the story of the aristocratic Franes, who lived on a big plantation in Tidewater, Virginia, about 200 years ago, and the hero is Christopher Ballard, a man who has survived for Colonel William Byrd and now takes a commission from Sydney Frane. Part of the action takes place in Old Williamsburg, and the changing economy of the plantation system and its effect on the individuals concerned has its place in the background. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

Myron Brinig wrote "The Sisters" and "May Flavin", and showed his understanding of female motives; he has now written "Anne Minton's Life". The action is set going by the determination of a girl to jump from the ledge of a Los Angeles hotel; her danger starts a crisis in the lives of Mary Cooke, a show girl, and Frank Ford, an employe of an oil company, who are unable to marry because Mary is ambitious and Frank

is impecunious. Out of this complication arises the story of two groups, with Anne Minton's life as counterpoint. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

"The Brandons", by Angela Thirkell, whose "Pomfret Towers" and "August Folly" pleased a great number of readers for their entertaining and amusing stories, centers around Mrs. Brandon, a middle-aged woman who manages to attract the admiration of various men, and concerns an interesting family circle in England. William Lyon Phelps has said that the author's books "combine cerebration with charm". Good entertainment. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50)

Emil Ludwig's "Quartet" might be called a novel about experiments in love-making. It deals with two couples who exchange partners. Manfred, a writer, who has been making money in America, returns to his loving wife on the shores of Lago Maggiore and the two tell each other how happy they are. Eric, a painter, and Dagmar, his wife, visit them, and as Manfred is an excellent host they get along famously. One night, during a dance, Manfred develops a poetic passion for Dagmar, and Eric discovers his desire for Manfred's wife, Helen. They exchange places and with much introspection contemplate the novelty of a relationship in which bitterness does not enter. The ending had best be left for the reader to discover. (Alliance Book Corp. \$3)

"The Altar Piece" by Naomi Royde Smith is a strange mystery about the sadistic impulse in an otherwise respectable Englishwoman, the story being placed in the household of a vicar in Edwardian England. The good intentions of the vicar and his wife are almost cancelled by the evil and sinister influences of the villain. (Macmillan, \$2.50)

"The Edge of Running Water" by William Sloane is another mystery with a baffling character, the story of the anxiety of a professor for his friend, who attempts to solve basic problems of existence by strange devices and is influenced by a woman who is a fanatic. The action takes place in a village in Maine, where the experimenter works in an isolated house. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

and other functions held under the auspices of the various lodges. A feature of the closing session was the presentation of a beautiful wrist watch to Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight H. Glenn Boyd, Secretary of Wichita Lodge No. 427. Junction City Lodge No. 1037 was awarded the 1940 Annual Meeting.

SOUTH CAROLINA

The South Carolina State Elks Association held its Annual Meeting on Thursday and Friday, May 25-26, in Greenville with a registered attendance of 265. The Convention opened with a special afternoon session during which Greenville Lodge No. 858 initiated a class. Immediately afterward the annual Ritualistic Contest was held. Greenville Lodge was the winner, Florence Lodge was second, and Charleston Lodge third. The Contest was followed by a banquet for the State officers and invited guests. An informal dance was held later.

The Association convened at ten o'clock on Friday morning at the lodge home. The fine program of social activities provided by Greenville Lodge included a progressive bridge party at the Poinsett Hotel and a luncheon for the entertainment of the visiting ladies. Election and installation of officers took place during the afternoon business session after which a trip was made over Paris Mountain, ending at State Park where a barbecue was served for Elks and their ladies. At 8 P. M. a large crowd assembled at Textile Hall where a boxing exhibition—28 rounds by Golden Glove winners—was the attraction. The Convention came to a close with a ball at the Poinsett Hotel.

The new officers of the State Association are as follows: Pres., William Elliott, Jr., Columbia; 1st Vice-Pres., James A. McAlister, Charleston; 2nd Vice-Pres., R. G. Carson, Orangeburg; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. B. Roddey, Columbia; Secy-Treas., Cliff Langford, Orange-

burg; Inner Guard, Will F. Tolley, Anderson; Tiler, W. W. Beacham, Greenville; Esquire, M. M. Weinberg, Sumter; Chaplain, the Rev. J. F. Burkhart, Charleston. Anderson Lodge No. 1206 was awarded the Attendance Cup. The meeting-place for next year's convention will be selected by the Executive Committee at the quarterly meeting in September.

WEST VIRGINIA

The 31st Annual Convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association in Sistersville, W. Va., on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, May 28-29-30, was one of the most successful and entertaining in the history of the Association. Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick was the guest of honor at a banquet given in the Wells Hotel early Sunday evening during which he was presented with a beautiful wrist watch, a gift from Sistersville Lodge No. 333. At a public program presented that evening in the Junior High School auditorium, Dr. McCormick delivered an inspiring address before a large audience.

The Convention was saddened by the deaths of the father of State Treasurer Don P. Fleming of Parkersburg, and the mother of Sergeant-at-Arms Roy C. Heinlein, E.R.

of Sistersville Lodge, and resolutions of sympathy were drawn up and forwarded to both State officers.

Adam Martin, Secretary of Wheeling Lodge, was elected to the presidency of the Association, succeeding John T. Pancake who ended a successful year's work on Tuesday when the officers-elect were installed. The other officers for the year 1939-40 are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres.'s: North, Don P. Fleming, Parkersburg; South, M. K. Hearne, Charleston; 2nd Vice-Pres.'s: North, Dr. O. L. Cook, Grafton; South, Cecil Bond, Bluefield; Secy., L. C. Purdy, Wheeling; Treas., Roy C. Heinlein, Sistersville; Inner Guard, Joe Doig, Sistersville; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. W. Boehm, Martinsburg; Chaplain, W. H. Leiner, Clarksburg; Tiler, Frank Martin, Huntington. W. H. Nichols of Huntington Lodge is the new member of the Board of Trustees. The Association will meet next year at Charleston. A meeting of the State officers, called by Pres. Martin, will be held at Parkersburg on August 6.

A Past Exalted Rulers Association was formed at the Convention with the following first officers being elected: Pres., James A. Barrett, Fairmont; Vice-Pres.'s, Leslie N. Hemenway, Parkersburg, and P. O. Duncan, Huntington; Secy.-Treas., Arch F. Dawson, Morgantown.

Charleston Lodge won the State Ritualistic Contest over Sistersville, Fairmont and Clarksburg Lodges. The Charleston team will therefore compete in the national contest at St. Louis this month. The Clarksburg Drill Team won the Drill Team championship in which the Wheeling, Charleston, Fairmont and Huntington Lodge teams also participated. The final day of the Convention was featured by a huge street parade. Parade prizes were won by the Charleston Drill Team, the Doddridge High School band of West Union as the best all-round band, and the Sistersville Lodge float as the most attractive of the many entered. Wellsburg Lodge won both the Presi-



"Who's the wise guy that put this fly-swatter here?"

Ben Roth

dent Pancake cup for the largest increase in membership and the Secretary Osgood cup for having the largest number of reinstatements. Social activities included the public program at which Dr. McCormick was the speaker, the convention ball, floor show, horse show, bridge luncheons and a theatre party for the ladies, and several informal enter-

tainments at the home of the lodge.

The Association went on record as favoring the Elks Crippled Children's Foundation in West Virginia, and a committee, to further its formation and make other plans for the Foundation was appointed. The members of the Committee are George Osgood of Huntington, R. T. McCreary, Wellsburg, Thomas Willshire, Fair-

mont, T. Kessell, Charleston, and the retiring president, John T. Pancake of Huntington. A Resolution was passed permitting the new president to appoint a Float Committee to start working at once on a float for the 1941 Convention, and the Association went on record as favoring the entering of a float in the parade at the Grand Lodge Reunion.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Honors Members of the Fourth Estate

Members of the Press of Glendale, Los Angeles and nearby cities were entertained again this past Spring by Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, in observance of the lodge's Annual Press Night. This has been a yearly event of the past seven years. On this occasion the lodge acts as host to publishers, executives and male employees of the Press in the several communities in appreciation of their continued cooperation along the lines of publicity which Glendale Lodge has been privileged to receive from them for many years. E.R. Russell E. Ostrander greeted the guests and then turned the meeting over to Roy N. Clayton, Director of Publicity for the lodge. Since the first Press Night was held, Mr. Clayton has handled the annual programs and always with great success. Professional vaudeville entertainment was presented and a radio broadcast of the Joe Louis-Jack Roper championship battle, held that night in Los Angeles, was heard. This part of the program was put on by the Entertainment Committee headed by Chairman John E. Micheltore.

This was also the night on which the City Council was installed at the City Hall. All of the new city officials, including the Mayor, P.E.R. W. J. Goss, Jr., are members of Glendale Lodge. After the ceremonies all made their appearance at the lodge home to participate, also as guests of honor, in the Press Night festivities.

Honors Are Paid Eugene Gallaher At Millville, N. J., Lodge

Tribute for his untiring efforts in crippled children activities was paid Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, when Elks, county officials and other friends honored him recently with a testimonial reception and a dinner in the banquet rooms of the lodge home. Mr. Gallaher is now serving his 17th consecutive year and during that time more than 8,000 have received aid. Although the work is primarily for crippled children, many adult cases have been handled.

Former Highway Commissioner

Firman M. Reeves acted as Toastmaster. Among the speakers, all of whom paid sincere and enthusiastic tribute to Mr. Gallaher, were E.R. Basil King of Millville Lodge; Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; former Judge Francis A. Stanger; County Solicitor Roscoe Ward and Louis Curtis, Director of the Board of Freeholders. Further praise was given the guest of honor by W. Courtwright Smith, Director of the Wildwood Bureau of Publicity, who spoke for the city of Wildwood, and Dr. R. M. Shindler of Vineland, who has aided Mr. Gallaher in his corrective program. The dinner was served by the Elks' ladies, and the evening concluded with a social session.

Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge Sponsors Program at Winthrop College

Featured on a delightful program presented by Rock Hill, S. C., Lodge, No. 1318, in the Winthrop College Auditorium on May 4, was a showing of the Duke-Southern California football picture. Dr. Warren G. Keith, introduced by E.R. C. R. Workman, spoke on Americanism. The lodge considered itself fortunate to have Dr. Keith as a speaker inasmuch as his talk was delivered before a group of young women about to leave the college to teach in schools throughout the State.

There were two showings of the picture, one for the student body, the other for the townspeople. The total attendance was about 700.

P.E.R. Walter Beisch, of Union City, N. J., Lodge, Dies

In the death of P.E.R. Walter Beisch, Union City, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, has suffered a sad loss. The news of his passing was received with deep regret by many Elks elsewhere whose lodges he had visited on numerous occasions. Mr. Beisch was one of the most respected members of his lodge. He died on May 14.

New City Officials Entertained by San Diego, Calif., Lodge

San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, entertained the newly-elected Mayor, Percy Benbough, and Councilmen-elect Louis F. Weggenman and

P.E.R. Albert E. Flowers, all members of the lodge, at a recent luncheon meeting held in the U. S. Grant Hotel. Secy. Morris H. Brunt presided and Coroner and Public Administrator Chester Gunn was Chairman of the meeting.

E.R. Edgar B. Hervey presented Mayor Benbough with two doves, symbolic of the peace expected to reign at the Civic Center during the four years of his administration. The speaker of the day, C. P. Hebert, Deputy Coroner and Public Administrator, discussed "Peculiar Wills." Five of the Councilmen are members of the Order of Elks.

Contest For Drum Majorettes Staged by Salem, Ore., Lodge

The first Drum Majorette Contest held in the Pacific Northwest was staged recently by Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336. E.R. T. R. Paulus presented trophies to the winners, Misses Frances Sparks, Beatrice Leonard and Elinor Canoy, before a delighted crowd of more than 600 members and visitors. Thirteen beautiful girls from Eugene, Canby, Silverton and Oregon City, whirling batons and dressed in full majorette costume, competed for the Willamette Valley championship.

Three former members of the Capitol Post No. 9, American Legion National championship Drum Corps, Dave Shade, Frank Jirak and A. Hamilton, acted as judges. Music was furnished by the 46-piece Junior American Legion Band from Silverton, winner of the 1938 State championship.

Richmond, Ky., Lodge Honors Class Initiated on Preceding Night

A class of 13 candidates was initiated recently into Richmond, Ky., Lodge, No. 581, and three former members were reinstated. The class was named in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. The Richmond members worked with great enthusiasm to obtain the applications, and special activity on the part of Charles Azbill was reported. Ceremonies were in charge of a Degree Team headed by E.R. R. B. Pergram, assisted by P.E.R.'s James B. McCarthy, a Trus-

tee of the Ky. State Elks Assn.; P. D. D.'s H. B. Farris and R. B. Terrill; W. F. O'Donnell, W. Z. Miller and Harry Moberly.

On the following night a banquet was held in honor of the class with approximately 200 in attendance, including a number of out-of-town visitors. Before the banquet, the Elks and their guests were entertained with boxing and wrestling matches by students of the Physical Education Class of Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College. The program was arranged by P.E.R. N. G. Deniston.

New Albany, Ind., Elks Honor Veteran Treasurer, W. A. Beach

New Albany, Ind., Lodge, No. 270, paid a special tribute recently to William A. Beach who has served as treasurer for 35 consecutive years. Mr. Beach assisted in the organization of the lodge in 1893 and is one of the four living charter members. An elaborate program was presented in his honor at the lodge home and, also in his honor, the evening was designated "Ladies Night" so that the families of members could join in the testimonial.

Golden Anniversary Observed by Danbury, Conn., Lodge

The fiftieth anniversary celebration of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, on April 22, was one of the most successful and largely attended affairs ever held by the lodge. Visiting Elks joined the members in observing the commemoration of their lodge's institution, and the celebration also served as a homecoming and reunion for many of the older members who had not met in a long time. The lodge home had been made spic and span for the occasion and was beautifully decorated.

The Golden Jubilee Banquet was served in the auditorium and was in charge of the House Committee. The speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, who made the principal address, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Mayor of Danbury, who acted as Toastmaster, and Past Exalted Ruler Rob-

ert P. Cunningham, President of the Conn. State Elks Assn. Seated with them at the speakers' table were E.R. Arthur E. Morris of Danbury Lodge, John J. Allen, Jr., Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, P.E.R. John J. Stone and Arthur E. Bernd, one of the two remaining charter members of the lodge. The other, William B. Wheeler, resides in Florida. Professional entertainment concluded the evening's program.

P.E.R. Judge Homer Ames of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, Dies

P.E.R. Judge Homer G. Ames, a charter member of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, passed away some weeks ago. The Elks Ritual was exemplified in the lodge room and at the grave, with P.E.R. L. A. Lewis, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, acting as Exalted Ruler and other Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge officiating in the other offices. More than 1,000 persons attended, and the lodge room was banked on all sides with floral pieces.

Judge Ames was one of the first to become interested in the idea of organizing a lodge of the Order at Anaheim. He dimitted from Santa Ana Lodge No. 794 to become a charter member, and was unanimously elected to serve as the new lodge's first Exalted Ruler. In a sincere eulogy given by P.E.R. Thomas McFadden, his former law partner, tribute was paid Judge Ames' honesty, loyalty and other fine traits of character. He was one of Orange

County's most prominent attorneys. He had served as Judge in the Orange County Superior Court for the past 13 years.

Surprise Ceremony Marks Regular Meeting of Elkins, W. Va., Lodge

At the regular Monday night meeting of Elkins, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1135, on May 1, the many members present were treated to a surprise "mortgage-burning" ceremony in which a note for \$800, representing the final payment on the lodge home, was burned by P.D.D. Silas B. Haffner, first Exalted Ruler of Elkins Lodge, a present Trustee, and a former officer of the W. Va. State Elks Assn. Participating in the ceremony were the three trustees in whose names the debt was contracted when the home was purchased in 1925—Mr. Haffner and P.E.R.'s B. M. Hoover and George H. Coffman. A social session and the serving of refreshments were enjoyed after the meeting.

The House Committee serving since the home was bought has done much to raise the funds with which to pay off the original indebtedness and to pay for improvements made in recent years. The lodge is flourishing and the membership is as large if not larger than at any time in its history. Ralph W. Sage is the present Exalted Ruler.

Four Pennsylvania Lodges Form the "R.A.C.A. Club"

Beaver County, Pennsylvania, has an "R.A.C.A. Club" which derived its name from the initials of the four member lodges—Rochester, Ambridge, Coraopolis and "Aliquippa". The Club was formed last year upon the completion of the initiations of the John K. Tener classes and its membership has grown from the original fifteen to several hundred. Its main interest is to obtain for the lodges new members of a high type. The Club meets the first Sunday of each month in a social session. Each lodge takes its turn in entertaining. There are no dues, but at each meeting there is a money prize which goes into the fund to defray the cost of the Elks Family Picnic for the members of the four lodges. May 7 was the date for Ambridge Lodge No. 983 to act as



Frank Beaven

host. The lodge served dinner to 300 Elks and their ladies on the lawn of its new home.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Announces Winners in Essay Contest

Many excellent contributions were received in competition for cash prizes offered students of the county by Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, during Americanism Week. Secy. Thomas L. Sclater announces as the first prize winner in the Hampton High School Abe Newman, a member of the junior class, with Victor Mikoychik, also a junior, a close second.

In the grammar grade division, Beatrice Schrimmage, a pupil at the Union Street School, was awarded first prize, second prize being won by Maxine Perrine, of Phoebus.

W. J. Walsh, Former Secretary of Norfolk, Va., Lodge, Dies

To every member of Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, the death of William J. Walsh, secretary of the lodge for twenty years, meant a personal loss. Mr. Walsh was initiated in 1911. He was elected secretary in 1919. Many Past Exalted Rulers and representatives of the Virginia State Elks Association attended the funeral.

Pennsylvania's First Antlers Lodge is Sponsored by Sunbury Elks

Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, enjoys the distinction of having instituted the first Antlers Lodge in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. State Pres. Edward D. Smith has invited the Antlers to be special guests at the annual convention of the Pa. State Elks Assn. when it takes place in Bethlehem next month. The young officers, who are headed by Exalted Antler Frank Cooke, will perform the ritualistic work at one of the convention sessions, and the members, marching as a unit, will be given a place of honor in the parade. The Exalted Ruler of Sunbury Lodge of Elks, Samuel C. Price, reports that the Antlers membership is steadily increasing and that it is maintaining the high standard set by the charter list.

After its organization in the Spring, the Antlers became immediately active, formed a softball team and entered a league, staged a highly successful May Hop and went to work on plans for the Summer and Fall seasons. They held an impressive Mother's Day program in the ballroom of the lodge home at which Pres. Smith and other leading Elks were present.

Lodge No. 33, Utica, N. Y., Initiates a Class of Thirty-three

Thirty-three candidates were initiated by Utica,

N. Y. Lodge, No. 33, on May 22, as members of the Exalted Ruler's Class, the largest in 18 years. The size of the class was chosen to correspond with the lodge's official number, and was named the Exalted Ruler's Class in honor of Dr. Verner Kennedy who had but recently been installed as head of the new staff of officers.

Between April 1 and the middle of May, Utica Lodge received nearly 150 reinstatements and reaffiliations. A beautiful new cocktail lounge is an added feature of the lodge home which has been completely renovated. With active officers, an increasing membership and hard-working committees, the rehabilitation of the lodge has been a great success.

Retiring State Pres. Schulenberg Honored by Illinois Elks

The retiring president of the Illinois State Elks Association, P.E.R. Clarence J. Schulenberg, was honored by his lodge, DeKalb No. 765, with a testimonial party on May 9. More than 300 Elks and their wives met at the Fargo Hotel in Sycamore, Ill., to attend the affair. During the festivities, Mr. Schulenberg was presented with a Life Membership by City Judge A. G. Kennedy, the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of the lodge. The presentation of a gold wrist watch, the gift of the members of the Order who were present at the testimonial, was made by one of Mr. Schulenberg's fellow-members, W. J. Hope.

Mr. Schulenberg was also honored that evening by Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331. He was given a diamond studded lapel button bearing the Elk emblem as a token of esteem from the Blue Island members. Guests were present from more than a dozen of the lodges of northern Illinois.

Death of W. L. Blocks Brings Sorrow to Tampa, Fla., Lodge

In the passing of William L. Blocks, Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, has lost a member who during all of his 35 years as an Elk, practiced in his daily life the principles for which the Order stands. Mr. Blocks was a successful importer of Chilean nitrates. His philanthropies were generous. He was a constant visitor at the Children's Home. At a Lodge of Sorrow held by Tampa Lodge, J. C. McKay delivered the eulogy.

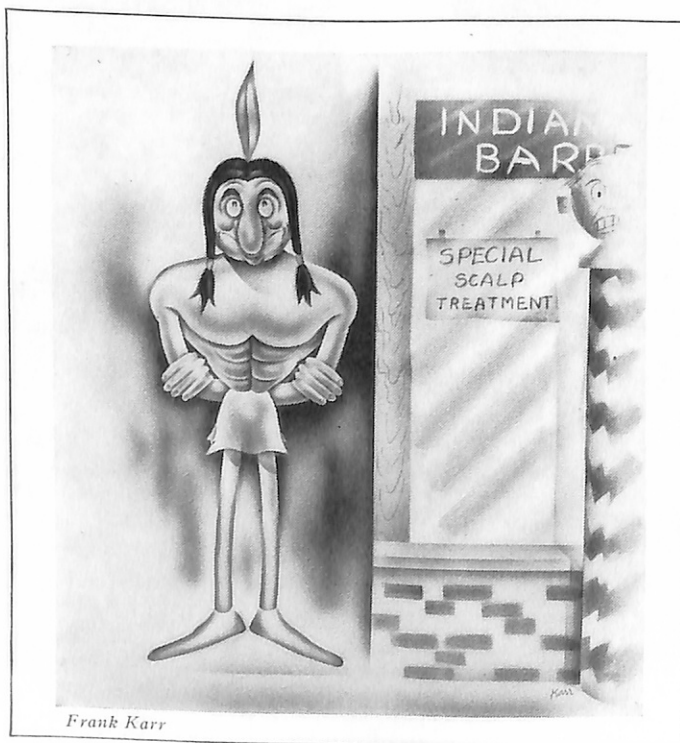
Col. Robert L. Queisser, Sr., Dies in Cleveland, Ohio

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Col. Robert L. Queisser, Sr., P.E.R. of Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, died on April 22, aged 72. Col. Queisser was born in Indianapolis, Ind. He was initiated into Springfield, O., Lodge in 1886, when he was 21 years of age, and later became a member of Zanesville, O., Lodge. Taking up his residence in Cleveland in 1892, he joined Cleveland Lodge by dimit and until his death was one of its most prominent and popular members. He was a Past District Deputy, Past Grand Esquire and Past Grand Inner Guard. He enjoyed close friendships with a great many Grand Lodge officers, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart and the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning.

Col. Queisser served in the Mexican border campaign of 1916. He was a former Captain of the Fifth Ohio Infantry of the Ohio National Guard. Although a traffic accident prevented his active service during the World War, he became prominent at that time due to the fact that he was the originator and designer of the American service flag. He was commissioned a Colonel in the National Guard in recognition of this valuable service. Col. Queisser was long active in the brick and building supply business. He was a former President of the East Cleveland City Council and as Councilman, assisted in beautifying the suburb and was instrumental in establishing Shaw Park. Burial took place in Knollwood Cemetery, services being conducted by Knights Templar. Col. Queisser was a Past Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Ohio.

Coalinga, Calif., Lodge Receives Laird Membership Trophy

Coalinga, Calif., Lodge, No. 1613, instituted in March, 1938, and with the record class of 113 charter members, has gone steadily ahead and has not only initiated many new members, but has a one hundred per



Frank Karr

cent paid-up membership. On May 13, 1939, Coalinga Lodge received high honors when Past State Pres. C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and P.D.D. J. O. Reavis of Bakersfield, the two men directly responsible for its institution, were present with San Joaquin Valley Association officials and officers and members from other valley lodges, to present Coalinga Lodge with the Rollin Laird Membership Gain trophy. The trophy was won from the other eleven lodges of the East Central District by virtue of a 43 per cent gain. The award is made on a percentage basis. Formal acceptance was made by P.E.R. F. J. McCollum, the lodge's first Exalted Ruler. The Laird Memorial Trophy is a perpetual cup, presented in 1929 to the Valley Elks Association to perpetuate the memory of former Superior Court Judge Rollin Laird, P.E.R. of Bakersfield Lodge, who died before the expiration of his term as District Deputy.

Coalinga is situated in the rich agricultural and oil regions of the San Joaquin Valley. The lodge was instituted in its own two-story brick building on which it has since made extensive improvements. The lodge and club rooms are of modern design and complete in their appointments.

Lancaster, Pa., Lodge Holds Golden Jubilee Celebration

The first event in connection with the three-day celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, held a week later, was the initiation of the Golden Jubilee Class of 50 candidates. The presence of nearly 400 Elks made the attendance the largest in the lodge's history. The initiatory work was performed by D.D. Ellwood S. Grimm of Middletown Lodge and Past District Deputies of the Southeast District, assisted by the Lancaster Lodge Drill and Degree Team. On March 23 nearly 300 Elks attended the Anniversary Banquet. On the 24th over 500 Elks and their ladies attended the Open House held in the lodge home where they were entertained by a floor show and orchestra from New York City. The Golden Jubilee Ball was the closing event with an equally large attendance. Music was furnished by Mal Hallett and his orchestra. A souvenir program was mailed to every member prior to the celebration.

Interesting Class of Young Men Joins Wapakoneta, O., Lodge

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, initiated one of its most interesting

classes on May 4. Nine of the 10 members of the class were between 21 and 23 years of age. This was most gratifying to E.R. Harry Kahn who had coached these young men in basketball during their school years. The newly formed quartette organized by Mr. Kahn sang during the initiatory work.

Many visiting Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and members of neighboring lodges attended, and D.D. Or-

ney's announcement that the lodge was completely out of debt and that the mortgage would now be burned. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Tierney, acting on behalf of the membership, presented to Mr. Douglas an Elk's ring and an Honorary Life Membership card case in token of gratitude and esteem.

Guests of honor at the banquet table were Dr. Gallico; Congressman Wallace E. Pierce; the Hon. Leander A. Bouyea, Mayor of Plattsburg; State Senator P.D.D. Benjamin F. Feinberg, Plattsburg; charter members, officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the host lodge, and E.R.'s Anthony B. Delahant of Saranac Lake, and Mitchell R. Koory of Malone Lodge. After the banquet, Dr. Gallico installed the new Plattsburg officers. E.R. Lawrence Laravie conducted the remainder of the session. Dr. Gallico delivered a beautiful talk on the founding and work of the Order, and other speeches were made. Mr. Koory gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. P.E.R. C. M. Morhous, Clinton County Treasurer, was General Chairman of the Committee which arranged the get-together, one of the most impressive and enjoyable ever held in the home of the lodge.

Prominent Elks Officiate at Meeting of Hartford, Vt., Lodge

D.D. Robert E. Cummings of Bennington, Vt., Lodge, acted as installing officer at the annual installation meeting of Hartford, Vt., Lodge, No. 1541, being assisted by P.D.D. Patrick J. Kaney, Hartford, Dr. R. R. Bennett, Bennington, Pres. of the Vt. State Elks Assn., J. M. Hoy, Bennington, and Lloyd W. MacNeil, Bellows Falls, all of whom addressed the lodge. During the meeting the new Exalted Ruler, Daniel J. Hickey, presented Dr. Bennett with a check for \$125 as Hartford Lodge's contribution to the fund used by the State Association toward the support of the Crippled Children's Camp at Goshen. A supper and a floor show, sponsored by the Entertainment Committee, under the personal direction of Leon Theriault, followed the meeting.

Weekly Broadcasts Are Held by Jacksonville, Fla., Elks

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, is using the newspapers, the radio, and bill board advertising in its safety campaign which was opened with the erection of a huge 50-foot signboard on the beach road, reminding the motorist of the necessity to drive safely. The first broadcast appeal



"Darling, I don't think you have to add, 'Whee, I finally made it,' to your wedding announcements."

Hal Sherman

ville E. Shurtleff, of Van Wert Lodge, spoke during the meeting. A buffet luncheon was served.

Distinguished Elks Attend Banquet At Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge

Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621, had the honor of having as its guest at an outstanding meeting on April 13 Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico of Troy, N. Y., Lodge. Festivities began at 7 p. m. with a banquet presided over by Attorney Patrick J. Tierney, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, acting as Master of Ceremonies. The dinner was a testimonial to P.E.R. Golda H. Douglas who served as Exalted Ruler in 1935, was called back to the Chair in 1937, and reelected in 1938. Due to his efficient administration of lodge affairs, the membership was increased and all financial obligations were settled to date. A great amount of effort and money was expended in improving the lodge home, situated on Cumberland Bay, and beautifying the grounds. The surprise of the evening was Mr. Tier-

was made June 5th with Sheriff Rex Sweat, a Jacksonville Lodge member, as the first speaker. The programs are broadcast each Monday at 6 P.M. over Station WJAX, featuring talks by local speakers well qualified to address the public on this important subject. Complying with the request of E.R. Thomas E. Mallem, cooperation in making the campaign a success is being given by the citizens and various organizations of Jacksonville.

Madison, Wis., Elks Burn the Mortgage on Their Lodge Home

The mortgage on the home of Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, was burned recently in the presence of Grand Lodge and State officers, 250 of the members, and their ladies. A simple but impressive ceremony was conducted by the Madison officers under the leadership of P.E.R. Harold K. Meyers. The lodge acted as host after the meeting, putting on a dance in the lodge room and an entertainment in the cocktail lounge. From ten o'clock on an excellent plate dinner was served.

Madison Lodge has always taken an active interest in the State Scholarship Contest. In 1937 its representative, Philip Desch, was the winner of the \$300 Scholarship. He entered the University of Wisconsin, where he led his freshman class in Engineering with a straight "A" record. In the contest this year more than 500 Madison high school seniors participated in the written examination pertaining to the Constitution, the laws of the United States and the American form of government. Handsome wrist watches are presented to the winners in the five high schools who then compete in the oral examination in which is selected the local representative for the contest in which the winners sponsored by all the lodges in the State compete. The examination is conducted by the Wisconsin State Elks Association. The final winner receives the \$300 Scholarship.

Pa. S.W. Dist. Association Meets At Washington, Pa., Lodge

Delegates from 21 lodges of the Pennsylvania Southwest District met in Washington, Pa., on May 21 and elected officers for the ensuing year. More than 100 Elks attended the annual meeting. E.R. John R. Harbaugh, of Washington Lodge No. 776, made the welcoming address and Pres. L. M. Lippert of McKeesport presided. A six o'clock dinner was served. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny Lodge, John F. Nugent, Braddock, and William D. Hancher, Washington, Past Pres.'s of the Pa. State Elks Assn., were present and each spoke.

The new officers of the District Association are: Pres., George H. Wilson, Homestead; Vice-Pres., C. E. Thompson, Etna; Secy., C. S. Brown, Allegheny, and Treas., Paul G. Wade, Waynesburg. The Executive Board is headed by W. C. Westcoat. Brownsville, Chairman. Walter L. Tisdale, Wilkinsburg, is Vice-Chairman and John P. Werneth, is Secretary.

Dallas, Tex., Elks Sponsor Drill by High School Cadets

At a special assembly held in the Technical High School in Dallas, Texas, on May 2, efforts directed by

the Elks toward education for young people was the subject of a talk made by P.E.R. George F. Rockhold. General William McGraw then presented to Eddie Loyd the efficiency medal for winning a competitive drill sponsored by Dallas Lodge No. 71, late in February.

The drill, in which 16 high school cadets participated for an efficiency prize, was the main feature of the stag barbecue dinner, honoring new members and visiting guests, held by Dallas Lodge at the Jefferson Hotel. Officers of local R.O.T.C. units, headed by Col. Newgarden, professor of military science and tactics, acted as judges. Eddie Loyd, the winner, is 15 years old and a student at Technical High School. Parents of the cadets competing were guests of the lodge. Diversion on the program was provided by singing and dancing acts, and dramatic skits presented by regular troupers pleasantly remembered as the Centennial performers, who put on "The Drunkard" at the Show Boat.

P.D.D. Percy G. Charles of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, Dies

All Alaska mourns the death of P.D.D. Percy G. Charles, P.E.R. and a charter member of Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1429, which occurred at a local hospital on May 5, ending a long career of public and fraternal service. His loyal exemplification of the principles of the Order placed him in high esteem among the Elks of Alaska and he enjoyed the friendship of many Grand Lodge officers in the States. He was an active pioneer of the north country. Funeral services were held at St. John's Church, with Elks, Masons and Pioneers of Alaska attending in a body.

Mr. Charles was born in England in 1871. He settled in Alaska in 1900 after having lived in Ontario and St. Paul, Minn. Among the positions he held at various times were Superintendent of the Alaska-Pacific Express Co.—the first to do business in the Territory—Chief Deputy U. S. Marshal, Ketchikan City Councilman and Grand President of the Pio-



"This is where they always lose the scent."

George Daly

neers of Alaska. As superintendent of the Alaska-Pacific, Mr. Charles took the first shipment of gold over the winter trail from Ketchikan to Valdez. He is credited with having handled more gold than any other man in Alaska.

Greeley, Colo., Elks Sponsor Program on "Safety With Lights"

At a meeting of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, the local Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored a program on "Safety With Lights." At its conclusion the lodge adopted a resolution pledging the Junior Chamber its cooperation in securing united civic action toward adequate street lighting in Greeley, particularly on five proven "danger streets." The yearly report on the lodge's welfare work especially in relation to children, was submitted at this session, and E.R. D. A. La Torra appointed the main committees for the ensuing year.

Recommendations of the officers, Trustees and members of the House Committee included a general "paint-up, clean-up and fix-up" campaign, improvements to be completed in time for the Greeley Spud Rodeo on July 3-4. The lodge home is thrown open to the public on both days of the celebration.

Havre, Mont., Elks Join In Sponsorship of "Spring Revue"

Cooperating with the local Chamber of Commerce, Havre, Mont., Lodge, No. 1201, sponsored a "Spring Revue" at which displays were held by various merchants and dealers. A Beauty Contest and a contest for "Old Fiddlers" were also featured. Over 4,000 people attended during the two afternoons and three evenings. Secy. Thomas Troy, Jr., P.E.R., served as Executive Chairman and C. B. Benson, a member of the lodge, was in charge of general arrangements. The proceeds were turned over to be used for the Beavercreek playground and recreational association. The lodge received much favorable publicity for its participation in the affair which was completely successful as well as materially helpful to the worthy cause for which it was given.

Havre Lodge has held numerous social functions during the past year, including Ladies' Nights, dances and stag parties. Special attention has been given the Americanism program, and many of the members are actively engaged in civic affairs for the betterment of the community. The lodge home has recently been re-decorated and otherwise improved.

Mount Carmel, Pa., Lodge Reports Success In All Activities

The Elks' Formal Dance held in the Spring by Mount Carmel, Pa., Lodge, No. 356, attended by 300 members and their ladies, was one of the lodge's most enjoyable social affairs. It was a fitting testimonial

(Continued on page 54)

ONE TASTE TELLS YOU

"There is nothing better in the market."



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America's "Guest Whisky" Since 1870

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★ Why not enjoy this supreme Kentucky excellence that has been recognized everywhere for almost seven decades as among the finest? "Nothing better" at any price.

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A name that is famed through the years. Traditionally great—at a low price. A Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky—90 Proof.

OLD TUCKER

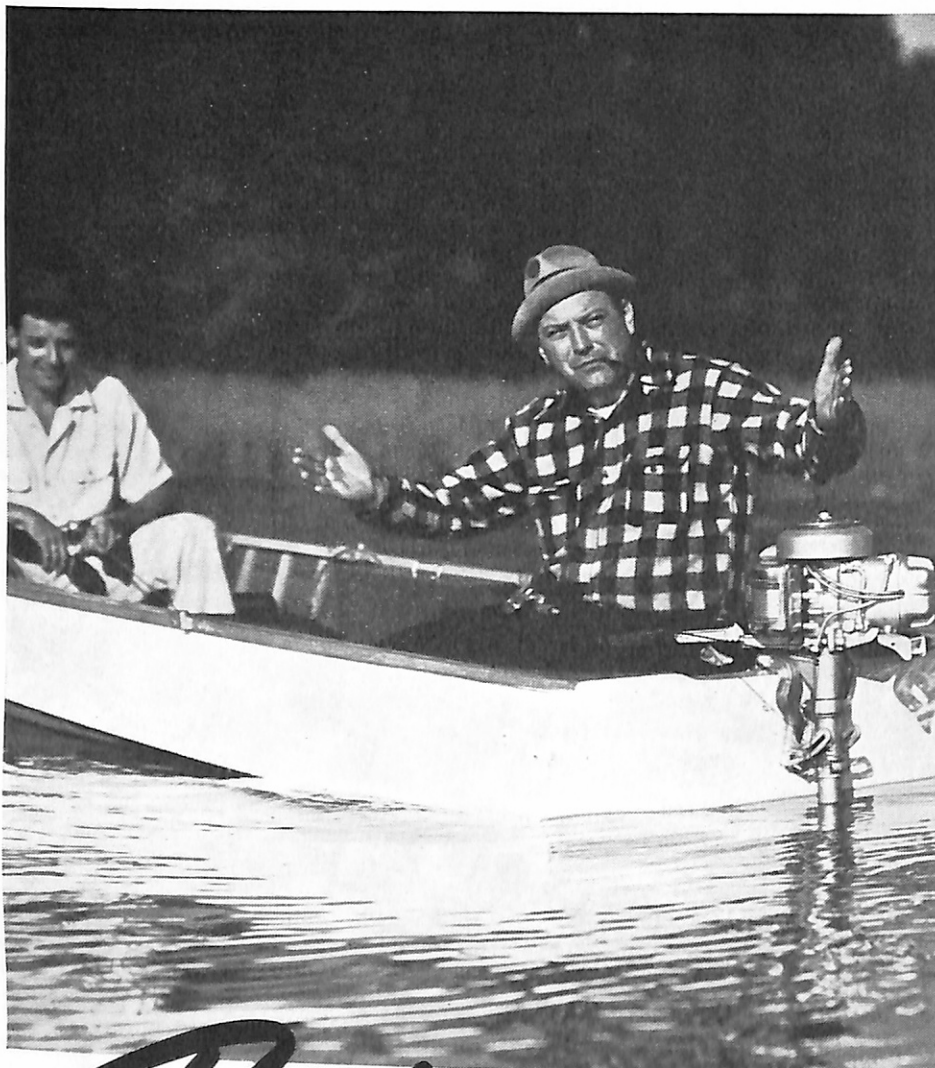
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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED
AT LOUISVILLE, IN KENTUCKY—SINCE 1870



Rod AND Gun

by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

Mr. Godfrey has more information about where and when to enjoy yourself with fish.

WITH vacation days here again, off to the coastal and inland waters will go an army of fifteen million fishermen. Everywhere the traffic is heavy. In every direction people are traveling because the time is here when we can all relax and enjoy the pleasures that this great Nation now presents to its men and women and children.

If I were going to take the kind of a vacation that would please me the most, I would take the train, or the bus, or the plane or my car and head straight for St. Louis where I would take in the Elks Convention. Then, after enjoying the many sights that

St. Louis offers, I would continue on my journey to some holiday spot that I have always wanted to see. Perhaps you have been to St. Louis, but this time it will be different. Sometimes the most fun in seeing a place is seeing it over again.

Using St. Louis as a starting place, you can go to a thousand and one different places for the balance of your vacation. You still have time to take in the World's Fairs, or go to Yosemite National Park with its majestic water falls and at night its impressive fire fall, or go to the Catskill or Adirondack Mountains of New York, or to the Ozark Mountains of Missouri or to many more spots well known to most of us.

The nearby Ozarks offer a variety of places to go for a rest or for good fishing, and it's cool in the moun-

tain regions of Missouri and Arkansas.

If you are one of those busy business men who does not know that man is at his best when out-of-doors, you are just the one who will find the Ozarks a most pleasant retreat. This wilderness region offers a great variety of fishing, and in addition this country is rich in tradition and folklore. You can spend days visiting strange caves and seeing rather strange folk who will gladly tell you of the legends that have made the section famous. Large- and small-mouth black bass, white bass, crappies, goggle-eyes, jack salmon, channel cat and rainbow trout are abundant. No one seems to know how the wall-eyed pike picked up the name of jack salmon nor how he found his way into this wooded, wilderness region, but he is a popular game fish found in the currents of streams, like the Niangua River, that have cold springs as their source.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE OF THE OZARKS

In the Show Me state, there are several unusual places to fish. I enjoyed most the fishing in Lake of the Ozarks near Versailles, Missouri. Because this lake is so large and is filled with so many coves or bays that boast big bass, there are many resorts on this beautiful body of water. Here you can indulge in your favorite sport, be it fishing, bathing, boating, outboard motoring, horseback riding, golf, tennis or camera hunting. Distances are so great that no one goes fishing without the help of two outboard motors per boat—one twin cylinder job to take you places and the other a single for trolling purposes. Do not misunderstand me because the trolling motor is not used in trolling for the game fishes, but is used in place of rowing, so the fishermen can cast the vast shoreline, using the trolling motor in place of a guide. It worked like a charm when I was there, for I caught a 4¾ pound large-mouth black bass the first time I cast a lure. That's a great way to start a vacation, so I give credit to the action lure that I was using—the Creek Chub Ding-Bat. At this moment we were fishing near the Horseshoe Bend, casting back in the coves. Soon after this, I took a fighting 4-pounder of the same species on a Heddon River Runt. Then came ten straight silver bass to make the first morning complete. Every season this lake produces both large- and small-mouth black bass up to 13 pounds in size and channel cat up to 30 pounds. The largest small-mouth was caught at the Bagnell Dam, and it recently won the first prize in the annual Field and Stream national fishing contest. Another good spot for big ones is Happy Days on Gravois Creek, also Camp Minnow Brook on the Niangua River, both of these places being a part of Lake of the Ozarks. When visiting this region, it would be worth while seeing Jacobs Cave near Versailles. Every year

Gunn's in Versailles holds a Fishing Rodeo, attracting over 1,000 entrants from 25 states, the competition ending on December 1.

CURRENT RIVER FLOAT TRIPS

Of course, you have heard of the wonderful fishing in the Current, the White and Roaring Rivers. The float trips down the Current and White have become famous among fishermen the country over. Your luck is sure to be good on these fast, sporty streams that boast black bass and jack salmon. In the fall of the year this is a great place for quail and turkey shooting (dogs and guides provided) from November 10 to December 31. Another good spot to fish in these parts is at Eminence, Missouri, located on Jack's Fork of the Current river. Here is a sparsely settled country that is the best there is for wild turkey hunting and black bass fishing. The stream is fast, with plenty of rapids, so the guides use flat-bottom boats on the float trips down the river that take from one to three days. Jack's Fork is on Highway No. 17. There is good wall-eyed pike fishing at the junction of Jack's Fork creek and the Current river. A non-resident license costs \$3 or a 15-day trip license costs \$1.

ROARING RIVER RAINBOWS

Most folks who come from the mountains tell me that there is one more really excellent place to fish, and that's the Roaring River, which pours out of the mountain side just north of the Arkansas line. It is a river that contains millions of gallons of water and thousands of rainbow trout. Go there on this trip if you wish to enjoy scenery that you will remember the rest of your days—the cool spray from the twin waterfalls, the roar of rushing water, whirling and swirling as it tumbles through a country that is primitive. The Roaring River is a trout stream that will make any fly fisherman effervesce. Just looking at it is sure to give you Fishing Fever. And you get big ones if you know where ("where" is 3 miles below the falls). There you will get rainbows that run from 12 inches up to 30 inches as well as small-mouth black bass up to 3 pounds each. The anglers who know best go between Eagle Rock and the place where Roaring River empties into the White River. In the spring these streams are usually muddy, but right now is the time to head for the beautiful timbered canyon of Roaring River. Fishing is also good at Twin Falls. It's the place where some anglers get five rainbows in five casts. Tell me where it could be better than this—not on the Au Sable in Maine or in Michigan, nor on the Brule in Wisconsin, nor on the Taylor in Colorado, nor on the Laramie in Wyoming. These streams are as good as there are in the world, perhaps, but no better than Roaring River in the Ozarks.

NORRIS LAKE IN TENNESSEE

There is a fascination in fishing new waters, so I want to tell you about a place that is rapidly gaining fame because the fish are big as well as plentiful. Have you ever heard of Norris Lake? Have you ever heard of the T. V. A.? Surely you must know the story of the great government power dam project that was responsible for a good many words by a great many Congressmen. Well, then, you know of this great Dam on the Tennessee river at Norris, Tennessee. Recently the Norris Sportsmen's Club sponsored its third annual Norris Lake Fishing Rodeo, and it was a huge success. It was a fishing party that attracted a great crowd of fishermen from all parts of the Nation, and we all had the good fortune of catching wall-eyed pike, small-mouth black bass, large-mouth black bass and many other species that swim in the Tennessee River and in Norris Lake. It's a big lake, and it now holds a unique place in the fishing world—Number One Lake in America for wall-eyed pike fishing. Last year this lake took more prize wall-eyed pike than any other lake in the world, and also won the first prize with a 16 pounder. If this great interest in fishing keeps up, it won't be long before you will hear that a wall-eyed pike from Norris Lake holds the world's record.

THOUSANDS GO FOR NEW FISHING GAME

Thousands of individual fishermen from every part of the United States are enthusiastically approving the new bait and fly casting game that is sponsored jointly by the American Wildlife Institute and the Izaak Walton League of America, and soon there will be thousands of clubs throughout this country adding this casting game to their list of indoor sports. The first Fish-O tournament was held in April at the Riverside Fish Hatchery in Indianapolis, Indiana, when the Indianapolis Casting Club and the Marion County Fish and Game Association held their opening spring meet. Rex Edwards tallied 76 points to win first honors. As expected, this new game for fishermen has also attracted the attention of the schools, and it is expected that many of the grade schools, high schools and colleges will adopt this casting game as a part of the regular work in gymnasium. From the viewpoint of the conservationist, this fishing game gives the amateurs the right approach to casting because it will extend the use of artificial lures and intensify the development of a higher standard of sportsmanship, both of which will tend to bring about better fishing. Because the casting art is not easily mastered, you must either fish to acquire it or you must indulge in some practice (Continued on page 54)

Use The line of Champions FOR BETTER CASTING AND MORE FISHING PLEASURE

THE NEW BLACK PEARL has the reputation of being the greatest of all Bait Casting Lines. It will not fade, rot or water-log and is unaffected by salt water. Has amazingly withstood laboratory tests equivalent to 5000 hours of actual use. Its fine texture and smoothness allows perfect casting.



BLACK SPECIAL is the first choice of fishermen who want a good all around line in the popular price class. Braided from the very highest quality waterproofed spun silk. Just as dependable as many lines much higher in price. Available in 18 pound test only.

THE HEDGE TAPER Oil Waterproofed Fly Line is used by all American and European Fly Casting Champions. Tapers are scientifically distributed so that it casts better and farther. Available in all weights to balance rod action. Norwich also makes the finest Cuttyhunk Lines for Salt Water. • If your dealer cannot supply Norwich Lines, write us. We will send you our complete illustrated catalog of "The Line of Champions" and answer your questions regarding fishing lines for every purpose.



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GOOD HAIR COUNTS



HE'S JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!



There is no question about it—a good, well-groomed head of hair counts in one's favor. Don't neglect YOUR hair! If your trouble is Dandruff, Itching Scalp, Excessive Falling Hair, Oiliness or Dryness—use Glover's Mange Medicine with systematic massage. For the shampoo use Glover's Medicated Soap—specially compounded to blend with the Medicine, cleanse thoroughly and help remove its "piney" odor.

See what Glover's System can do for you and why it enjoys its wonderful reputation. FREE booklet on Glover's System for the Scalp and Hair. Address **GLOVER'S**, Dept. S, 468 4th Ave., N.Y.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE. **THE College of Swedish Massage** 30 E. Adams St., Dpt. B23, Chicago (Successor to National College of Massage)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS WITH THE SECOND CAVALRY (SECOND DRAGOONS)

A complete history covering the first one hundred years, from 1836 to 1936, of the Second Cavalry (Second Dragoons), the oldest mounted United States Cavalry regiment now in existence, has just been completed. This history is published in one volume, and portrays the true character of a cavalry regiment from the Everglades of Florida through the Seminole Wars, Mexican War, Civil War, Indian Wars, Spanish American War and the World War, together with pictures of various activities. The appendix carries a list of Retired men, Citations Earned, Orders, Regimental Songs, Congressional Medals and Medal of Honors awarded, list of Battles, Officers who have been assigned to the regiment, Men of the First 3 grades from 1843 to date, former enlisted men who became officers during the World War. Copies may be secured at \$2.50 each, by communicating with Hq. 2d Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kansas.

game to take off the rough edges and put polish on your natural ability. The game has very few rules. It was designed to provide man, woman, boy and girl with a game that will enable the student to practice casting. Just as Skeet helps the upland hunter, so this game will help the fisherman. The game uses flat targets, set at unknown distances, at which participants may cast. In the accuracy bait casting events, ten targets will be used, six of which must not exceed thirty inches in diameter and four of which must not exceed eighteen inches in diameter. The small targets are placed nearest the casting platform. The farthest target cannot be more than eighty feet away, nor nearer than forty feet. A suggestion is that the caster take his first five casts from a sitting position as would be required of the fisherman in a boat.

ELKS CLUB FEATURES FISHING

Recently Marvin K. Hedge, world champion caster and director of the

International Professional Casters Association, gave a fine demonstration of fly casting at the Elks Club of Norwich, New York. This truly great exhibition of skill took place following one of the regular Thursday night meetings of the Elks of Norwich, and it attracted a great crowd of enthusiastic sportsmen who are members of the Norwich Lodge. Mr. Hedge, who is probably the best instructor of men and women and youngsters in this land, is the originator of the famous Hedge Balanced Fishing Tackle Outfits and the Hedge Tapered Lines that now hold so many national and international casting championships. Marvin Hedge is the present world's fly and bait casting champion, having won this title at the International Open at Paris, France, in 1937 and again in 1938. Marvin Hedge's famous fly line is made by the Norwich Line Company, of which Frank Zuber is president, and it was due to the efforts of Mr. Zuber, prominent member of the Elks Lodge in Norwich, that Marvin

Hedge made his appearance before the Elks in Norwich. Frank Zuber is Mayor of the city of Norwich, New York, and is enthusiastic in his efforts to teach the youth of the Nation a true appreciation and respect for this greatest of all outdoor sports. His interest in supporting the TAKE A BOY FISHING movement and in the work being done by the International Professional Casters Association is worthy of praise because they are both doing a job that is bound to stimulate the fellowship that exists between all fishermen. If any of our Elks Clubs would like to have Marvin Hedge make a personal appearance to present his spectacular casting demonstration, you may communicate with him at Norwich, New York. A new motion picture featuring the famous casting expert, Tony Acceta, and developed by Fisher Body, is now available to Elks Clubs that would like to show this truly great movie. If you have not seen it, ask your General Motors Dealer. It's the very best picture of the year.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 51)

to the retiring Exalted Ruler, Leroy Singley, whose efforts contributed so much to its success.

Mr. Singley's administration was extremely profitable to the lodge both in the initiation of new members and the reinstatement of many who had dropped out in former years. A children's choir of 140 voices was organized during his term. The choir participated in amateur broadcasts every Saturday afternoon, sent direct from the lodge home over Station WKOK at Sunbury, Pa. Prizes for the preceding broadcast were awarded at the conclusion of each program. The votes, often numbering from twelve to fourteen thousand, were sent to the Elks and computed by them. The contests were spirited and the programs very popular.

Penns Grove, N. J., Lodge Honors Its Secretary, R. W. Kidd

At a recent meeting, Penns Grove, N. J., Lodge, No. 1358, initiated 41 members of the largest class in the State this year, in honor of Secy. Robert W. Kidd, P.E.R. and a former Vice-President of the N. J. State Elks Assn. Mr. Kidd's efforts were largely responsible for the size of the class, numbering in all 51 candidates, the second largest in the lodge's history. The initiatory work was performed by the officers of Freehold, N. J., Lodge, No. 1454, who were presented with a silver plaque for the splendid manner in which they exemplified the Ritual. Delegations were present from many other lodges in the N. J. South District. Dr. Oswald R. Carlander, orthopedic

surgeon and director in charge of the Crippled Children's Clinic held at Salem Hospital, headed the class and was presented with a life membership in Penns Grove Lodge in recognition of the part he has played in the success of the work carried on for crippled children.

E.R. William Brown, who presided over the business session preceding the ceremonies and festivities, introduced the speakers. Among them were Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; D.D. Harold Wertheimer, Atlantic City; P.D.D.'s Eugene Taft, Freehold, and Alfred Michell, Mount Holly; P.E.R. Luther Streng, Trenton; William J. Jernick, Nutley, Chairman of Publicity for the N. J. State Elks Assn., and State Inner Guard John F. McHugh, Burlington. A dinner was given for the State officials prior to the meeting, and a buffet supper was served by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

State Pres. Howard Lewis Visits His Home Lodge, Burlington, N. J.

More than 300 members of the 61 lodges of the State filled the lodge room of Burlington, N. J., Lodge, No. 996, at the gala home-coming in honor of P.E.R. Howard F. Lewis, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., whose year of office was drawing to a close. E.R. John F. McHugh, assisted by other officers, was in charge of the festivities. Mayor Thomas J. Johnson made the welcoming address, and P.E.R. Richard P. Hughes, Past State Pres., acting as Toastmaster, presented Mr. Lewis with a hand-

some fully equipped traveling bag on behalf of the Elks assembled for the celebration. Past Pres. Francis P. Boland of Jersey City was selected to speak for the large number of Past Presidents present in extending their greetings and felicitations. The attendance included State officers and many other leading New Jersey Elks.

Elks Follies, Presented by Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, a Big Success

Excellent patronage and fine performances on the part of the huge cast contributed in a large measure to the success of the Elks Follies put on by Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, on April 19. Much preliminary work was done by the committees in charge. The show, a Willard Schindler production, was presented in fourteen scenes, and was held in the Saginaw Auditorium.

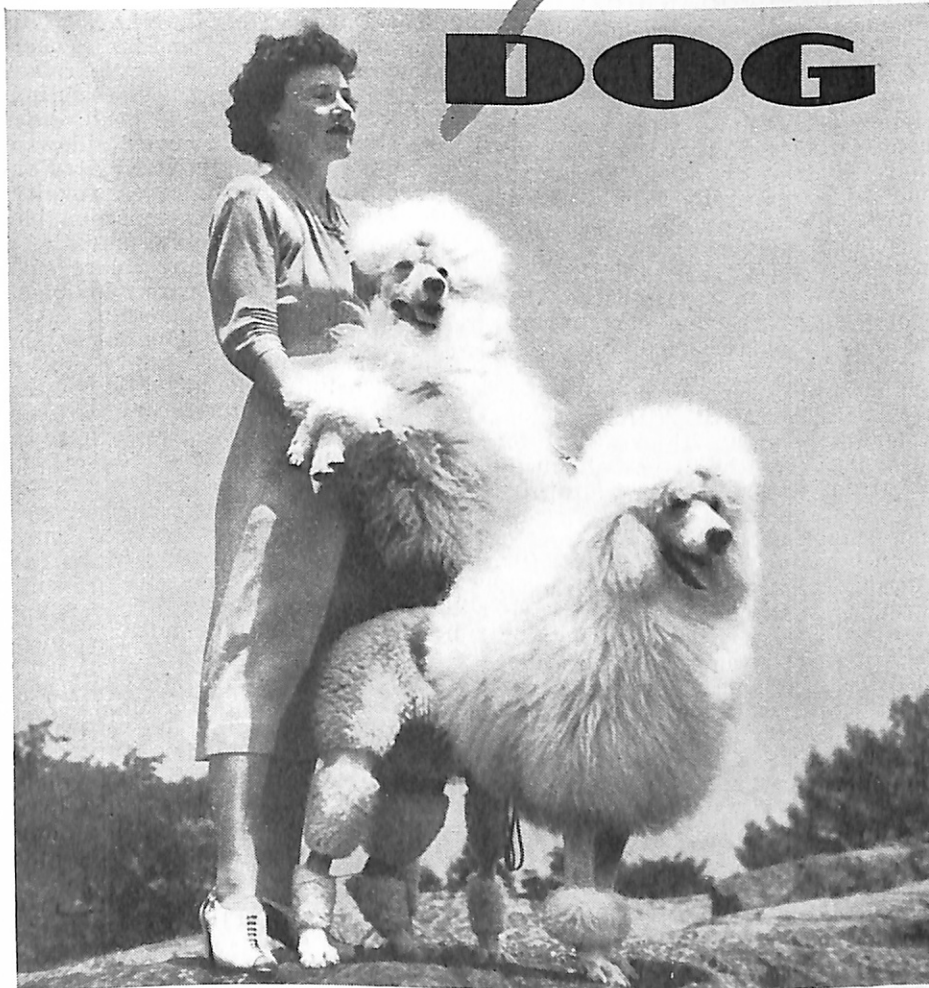
Waycross, Ga., Lodge Honors Its Past Exalted Rulers

Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, honored its Past Exalted Rulers at a recent meeting which was one of the most enthusiastic held in years. Ten of the 13 Past Exalted Rulers were present, and a token of appreciation was presented to each by E.R. Frank B. McDonald, Jr. P.E.R. James Polkinghorne gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Through Chairman John B. O'Neal, the House Committee reported an excellent financial condition. Walter Thomas was in charge of the program, and supper was served by Chairman J. K. Hilton and his committee.

Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, Blakeen Kennels, Katonah, N. Y., with her two champions, Blakeen Jung Frau and Blakeen Eiger.

Your DOG



Toni Frissel

by **Captain Will Judy**
Editor, *Dog World Magazine*

Is Your Dog Here?

OUR introduction in this final article dealing with the breeds necessarily must be short as we are obliged to cover no less than sixty-four of them, but we do want to point out that whenever we give the weight of the breed, it is the heaviest weight permitted according to the standard—for males, not females which almost invariably run to lighter weights. In most cases where height is specified we have also given the maximum for male dogs, which, too, is usually greater than for females. Where the name of the breed indicates its native country, we have omitted the repetition of naming that country. We ask our readers to bear in mind that this series deals only with those 107 breeds recognized for show and pedigree purposes by the American Kennel Club and by no means attempts to cover all the many other breeds existing both here and in foreign lands. In a previous article

we advised that the major part of the space given to the breeds would be devoted to those better known, as it was deemed hardly practical to tell much about the great number that are recognized, but are comparatively scarce, and seldom, if ever, seen in the average home.

Are you ready? Then let's start with Working Dogs: GERMAN SHEPHERD—A herding, guard dog mistakenly called Police Dog. Although widely used by police, other breeds are also used. In the World War, this breed was relied upon by the German army for sentry, messenger and rescue work. Well-balanced, loyal and brainy, this dog is inclined to be reserved with strangers. He is more often preferred for training to lead the blind. His head is long with powerful jaws, upright ears and steady, dark eyes. His gait is wolf-like. COLLIE—Origin, Scotland. Another herder and

GLOVER'S KENNEL and FLEA SOAP

Does Many Things For Your Dog

Cleanses thoroughly; removes Doggy Odor; kills Fleas, Lice; deodorizes; adds lustre to coat. At Pet, Drug and Dept. Stores.



To All Members

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Edited by CAPTAIN WILL JUDY

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guardsman, also constrained with strangers, although intensely loyal to home and master. In full coat he is stately and magnificent. His eyes are inquisitive, ears fairly small held three-quarters erect. His coat should be profuse around the throat and thighs. Head "clean" and legs slightly feathered. A sagacious dog, standing from 22 to 24 inches high. **GREAT DANE**—A German dog. He is huge and serene, with a long, angular, narrow head. A fine guard and companion. His coat is short, colored brindle, fawn, blue, black or harlequin (white with black spots). His greatest height is 30 inches. **DOBERMAN PINSCHER**—Another German. One of few dogs named after a man, Louis Doberman, originator of the breed. He has a long, wedge-shaped head, almond eyes, erect ears usually cropped to a point. His tail is docked very short—coat is short and glistening, a rich black, brown or blue with vivid rust-red markings. He is 23 to 27 inches high.

BOXER—A German working dog resembling a long-legged Bulldog. His muzzle recedes with an undershot jaw and his ears are small, erect and cropped to a point. The colors are brindle or light fawn to dark red. His maximum is 23¾ inches. **ST. BERNARD**—His skull is wide with deeply wrinkled forehead. He has a dense coat, never without white in combinations with red or light or dark brindle. In height he is 25½ inches. There are both short-coated and long-coated varieties. **NEWFOUNDLAND**—A large, strong, water-loving dog, distinguished for ocean rescues. His back is broad; his head, wide; coat, thick and colored either dull jet black or brown or white. He weighs up to 150 pounds. **SHEPHERD DOG**—Origin, Shetland Islands. **OLD ENGLISH SHEPHERD DOG**—Perhaps the most heavily-coated dog alive. His colors are generally gray with white markings and the hair over his eyes unusually long. **MAS-TIFF**—A dog weighing up to 160 pounds with colors apricot or silver fawn or dark fawn brindle. The muzzle and ears are black. **SCHNAUZER** (as a giant variety)—A German. He has a wiry coat, either black, black with tan or pepper and salt. His height is 25½ inches. **BELGIAN SHEEPDOG**—Resembling the German Shepherd only smaller in size.

BERNESE MOUNTAIN DOG—A working dog, so scarce in this country as to hardly warrant description. **BOUVIERS DE FLANDERS**—A Belgian, rough-coated, herding dog. **BRIARD**—This companion dog hails from France. **BULL MASTIFF**—A cross of Bulldog and Mastiff, originating in England. **GREAT PYRENEES**—A huge white dog resembling the St. Bernard. **KUVAZ**—Dog of Tibet, on the order of a white St. Bernard. **PULIS**—A shaggy,

rough-coated dog from Hungary. **ROTTWEILER**—Named for the city of Rottweil, Germany. **KOMONDO-ROCK**—A product of Austria-Hungary. A white or black sheep herder. **WELCH CORGI**—A fox-like little dog. The Arctic breeds: **ALASKAN MALAMUTE**, **ESKIMO**, **SAMOYEDE** and **SIBERIAN HUSKY**. All of these densely-coated sled dogs, able to endure terrific cold. **FOX-TERRIER**—One of the most popular dogs, his origin is England. Two varieties—smooth and wire-coated. The name is derived from the dog's use in fox-hunting. He can be hound-marked, as generally seen, and also pure white, and is about 15 inches high and weighs from 16 to 18 pounds. **SCOTTISH TERRIER**—A savage vermin exterminator. His skull is long with small, upright ears; he is very short-legged and has a short, wiry coat colored either gray, brindle, black, sandy or wheaten. **WELSH TERRIER**—Combines singular intelligence with great love for his home. He's the Peter Pan among all breeds as age seldom sours him. He looks something like the Airedale but weighs about 20 pounds and is 15 inches high. **IRISH TERRIER**—A gallant, hot-headed and extremely loyal dog, with a long, lean head, fiery eyes and a wiry red or red-gold coat. **AIREDALE**—Named for the Valley of Aire, England. Power and unflinching courage have permitted his use on big game of Asia and Africa. He's a superb companion with a long skull, close, wiry coat of black or dark grizzle (always with tan).

BULL TERRIER—Developed in England into one of the world's greatest fighting dogs, yet is not a quarrel-seeker. His head is long with small, black eyes and erect ears. A powerful dog with muscles sharply chiseled under a brilliant coat. **SEALYHAM**—Named for Sealyham, Wales. Has a long head of masculine mould with powerful jaws. His body is long, his legs extremely short and his colors can be all white or marked with lemon or tan. **KERRY BLUE**—A shaggy-coated Irish dog. His colors range from light to dark blue. **CAIRN**—A Scotchman originally used to drive game from cairns or rocky burrows. **BEDLINGTON**—His origin is England where from the start he was kept largely for fighting. His coat is strangely sheep-like. **DANDIE DINMONT**—A Scotch breed. He is a small, long-bodied, plucky dog. **SCHNAUZERS** (Standard size and Miniature)—See our description of the Giant Schnauzer in this article. These two Terriers are identical with the Giant other than in size, the Standard being at its tallest 19¾ inches high, the Miniature 13½ inches.

LAKE LAND—Something like the Welsh Terrier. **LHASA**—Origin, Tibet. **MANCHESTER**—Another English dog—often called the Rat Terrier. **NORWICH**—A rare, shaggy

little dog. **SKYE**—From the Isle of Skye, Scotland. Long-bodied and short-legged with an extremely long coat. **STAFFORDSHIRE**—Looks like a small edition of the Bull Terrier. **WEST HIGHLAND WHITE**—The little dog sharing the picture in the trade mark for Black and White Whiskey.

Toy Dogs: POMERANIAN—This dog is named for Pomerania, Germany, and is a bright little fellow with a magnificent, out-standing, coat. He has a fox-like head, erect ears and a bush tail curled sidewise over his back. **PEKINGESE**—Formerly owned only by Chinese royalty. He is knowing and companionable. He has a short, receding muzzle, a flat coat of almost any color, with his tail curled sidewise over his back. He weighs up to 14 pounds. **JAPANESE SPANIEL**—The dog of the Japanese nobility. A dainty dog of great sensibility, he has a large head with a receding muzzle and a long, silky coat, either black and white or red and white. His maximum weight is nine pounds. **PUG DOG**—A Chinese breed. A dog of pronounced intelligence, he has a receding muzzle and is colored silver or fawn (always with a black muzzle) or solid black. His tail is a tight screw and he weighs up to 18 pounds.

CHIHUAHUA—A Mexican dog, breed of the Emperor Montezuma. A vigilant, engaging dog weighing from one to six pounds. **MEXICAN HAIRLESS**—This dog roughly resembles a tiny Greyhound and is completely hairless except for a slight fuzz on its head. **YORKSHIRE TERRIER**—An English breed somewhat resembling Skye Terriers. **POODLE (Toy)**—In all respects the same as the Standard and Miniature sizes but weighs less than 12 pounds. **MALTESE**—He looks something like the Skye Terrier but is pure white. **ENGLISH TOY SPANIEL**—A dog of the royal Stuarts with a full coat and a receding muzzle. **ITALIAN GREYHOUND**—Resembles its larger prototype but weighs about eight pounds. **AFFEN-PINSCHER**—A friendly little German dog with a monkey-like face. **GRIFFON (Brussels)**—Origin, Belgium. He is smart and alert and has a brown, wiry coat. **PAPILLON**—A French breed with large ears of butterfly conformation. **PINSCHER (Miniature)**—The Doberman Pinscher reduced to about 11½ inches high. **TOY MANCHESTER TERRIER**—An English dog suggesting the Whippet but has large, erect ears.

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, enclose stamp for reply and we will be glad to answer your questions at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.



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"WATCH 'em burn," is the advice smart smokers are giving on cigarettes these days. At the right, aerial ace Everett White of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey circus proves that one leading cigarette burns *slower* than other brands. The winning brand is C-A-M-E-L! Camel's big advantage is in its *costlier tobaccos*, expertly blended in a cigarette made to burn *slowly, completely!*

Recently, a group of scientists made this interesting laboratory test on a bigger scale. 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands were tested impartially. **CAMELS BURNED 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—SLOWER THAN ANY OF THEM.** (Camels were remarkably consistent. Cigarettes of some brands smoked twice as fast as others right from the same pack.) **IN THE SAME TEST, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME FOR ALL THE OTHER BRANDS.**

Camel is the cigarette of *costlier tobaccos*... always slow-burning, cool, mild, with a delightful taste!



Everyone watches Everett White, the daring aerialist (center), intently, as Camels win in his cigarette test. He remarks: "Camel smokers *know* Camels smoke COOLER and Milder. And any smoker can see one reason *why!* Look how much *slower* that Camel burns! And, say, notice how the Camel ash *stays on!*"



SMOKING
IS
BELIEVING!

If you feel that life owes you a little more fun, try a cigarette made with *costlier tobaccos*...a Camel! See how Camel's delightful fragrance and taste can brighten you up. Camels are amazingly mild. Cool...easy on your throat...really a matchless blend.

Camels have more tobacco by weight than the average of the 15 other brands tested. Besides, by burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—**slower than any of them—Camels give you the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!**

Camels give you even *more* for your money when you count in Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Buy shrewdly! Buy Camels...America's first choice for a luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford!



Camel's *slower burning* (compared to the average time of the 15 other brands tested) gives you the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack! You economize while enjoying smoking pleasure at its best!

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